

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



EDDIE ("THE BRAT") STANKY
 "I have always been the Gashouse type."



One of 17 new 1952 Nash Golden Airflytes, upholstered in Mediterranean Blue Needle Point and Striped Blue Homespun. Glare-free Solex glass optional. Your choice of three transmissions: standard, automatic overdrive and new Dual-Range Hydra-Matic. White sidewall tires at extra cost, if available.

To Men with Automobiles in their Blood

SOMEDAY SOON you're going to drive The 1952 Nash Golden Airflyte—and then you'll find you're talking cars again—thrilling to new wonders.

You'll be talking about glamorous new styling—the new swift, clean continental "look" created by the one and only Pinin Farina, winner of more than 100 international awards for the foremost custom designs of our time!

You'll be talking *Super Jetfire*, the engine that set the pace for today's valve-in-head power plants, now even more powerful with Direct-Draft horizontal carburetion—and delivering the same famous Nash economy.

You'll be talking about a new kind of luxury inside—and the widest seats, the

deepest windshield, and the greatest Eye-Level visibility ever combined in one automobile!

You'll be talking about new handling ease . . . new braking power . . . new safety-padding on the cowl . . . new Road-Guide fenders . . . new Airflex suspension. Yes, you'll be talking about a thousand and one new Golden Airflyte wonders—about double Airliner Reclining Seats, new Twin Bed features, Weather Eye Conditioned Air System.

Visit your Nash dealer and see The Golden Airflyte that has America talking Nash. Then get the thrill of a ride!

TV Fun—Watch Paul Whiteman's TV Teen Club. See your paper for time and station.

Nash Motors, Div. of Nash-Kelvinator Corp.,
Detroit 22, Michigan



It takes some planning
to arrange a

Royal Send-off

JACK ROBERTS hung his hat on the rack, put his briefcase on his desk and turned to his secretary. "Any messages?"

Miss Wilmot glanced at the notes scribbled on the pad near her telephone. "Your wife wants to know if you'll be home at the usual time tonight. Mr. Gleason wants you to talk at the Business Men's Lunch next Thursday. And . . ." The telephone rang. Miss Wilmot answered it, looked at him and said, "It's Mr. Granger." Jack nodded and sat down at his desk.

"Hi, Bob!" he said, "What's new?" Bob Granger was publisher and editor of the town's daily newspaper.

"Listen, Jack," the voice on the telephone said, "Have you heard about Don Bradford?"

"Don? What about him?" Don had been principal of the high school as long



Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.

as most folks in town could remember. He was principal in 1920, when Bob and Jack graduated, and had been principal ever since.

"Well, the old boy's definitely decided to retire!" Bob Granger said. "The school board announced it last night and I've heard that he and Mrs. Bradford are leaving for the Coast next month!"

"You don't say!" Jack grinned—and the grin widened. For once he'd beaten Bob to a story! He'd known for weeks what Don's plans were—for years, in fact. As his New York Life agent he had helped Don figure out how, with the income from his life insurance policies and the pension he would get, he would be able to take things easy for the rest of his life.

The voice on the telephone went on. "Well, I've been thinking that Don Bradford has done so much for practically everyone in town over the years that we ought to get together and give the Bradfords a royal send-off when they leave for the Coast. You know—luncheon at the hotel, school band at the station, all that sort of thing. And I was hoping you'd have time to head up one of the committees."

Miss Wilmot, glancing up from her typewriter, wondered why Jack Roberts was smiling so broadly when he said, "Why, sure, Bob—good idea. I'll be glad to do anything I can to help—anything at all . . ."

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.





The Nightstick takes a ride

THE big burly boys in blue wore rows of shiny buttons, tall bobby-helmets and long split-tail coats. Their mustaches were their pride, but their glory was in their nightsticks. Back around the turn of the century, the nightstick was 22 inches long, of well-seasoned locustwood, lovingly polished. With this trusty club a policeman could clout wrongdoers into confusion, or prod a fallen horse to its feet, or beat a tattoo on the echoing sidewalk to summon aid at night.

But best of all, on his lonely beat, the policeman could twirl his nightstick like a baton, in a swift blur of fancy drum-majoring. Dimly from the distance came the familiar oldtime sounds: the faint tinkle of streetcar bells, the tinny scratch of the first phonographs, the clip-clop of horses pulling the ironshod carriages over stone streets.

In those days, after the curfew whistle blew, most people snicked down the bolts on the doors. Many men kept a revolver handy to their pillows.

Henry Ford's little horseless carriage rolled out of Detroit—and the whole scene changed. In a few years the old

paddy-wagons were replaced with swifter new Black Marias that could haul twice as many hoodlums twice as fast. Gradually, cities developed the modern patrol car system.

Today the American police protect a population almost twice as large as in 1900—with the same number of police personnel. The nightstick is still only 22 inches long—but it protects 150,000,000 Americans now.

This motorized security is one of the ways in which the car has built the U. S. Every day, for the past fifty years, the automobile has played a part in our history; and its spreading use brought about the great network of highways, helping to make a better way of life. This way is the American Road, an endless search for progress. Ford Motor Company, alone, has put 35,000,000 cars on that road, as part of our own dedication to a greater future for mankind.

Ford Motor Company

FORD • LINCOLN • MERCURY CARS
FORD TRUCKS AND TRACTORS



By long tradition, a policeman should patrol his beat toward the right, with his left side toward the roadway.



The control of trouble starts with the flash from dispatcher to patrol car. Communication systems move cars toward trouble with the flexibility of a task force.



Modern methods are scientific: short-wave stations can alert a state network in seconds.



The nightstick today is really the auto, for police cars are only moments away from trouble. Now Americans get day-and-night protection.



Driver and radioman, trained for emergencies, learn to rescue cats, deliver babies, quell riots, answer foolish questions.



The moment of arrest is dangerous. But afterwards the police must keep alert, as wrongdoers nerve themselves for a scramble to freedom.



SPEED SHIPMENTS with Telegrams!

Telegrams are the answer to faster, more orderly, shipping operations. A big grocery chain avoids losses from overstocked perishable foods by having all its store managers order every day . . . by Telegram.

For any business purpose
**TELEGRAMS
DO THE JOB BETTER**

WESTERN UNION

TRACING ORDERS

SIX OF FIFTEEN GRATES OF MOUNTINGS SHIPPED US TEN DAYS AGO NOT YET RECEIVED. KINDLY CHECK. PLEASE TELEGRAPH WHEN WE MAY EXPECT.

WESTERN UNION

COLLECTING ACCOUNTS

SINCE AS YOU KNOW OUR LOW PRICES ARE CONTINGENT ON PAYMENT IN THIRTY DAYS, WE WOULD GREATLY APPRECIATE IT IF YOU WILL REMIT YOUR MARCH ACCOUNT BY WESTERN UNION MONEY ORDER OR TELEGRAPH WHEN WE MAY EXPECT IT.

Always On Top!

Nothing else gets action like a Telegram

WESTERN UNION

LETTERS

Bold Fact

Sir:
I'll bet any of your able editors the sum of \$1 that the next President of the U.S. will be bald-headed . . .

ROBERT C. MASON

Los Angeles

Bishop on the Air Waves

Sir:
Let it be said, to TIME's eternal credit, that its April 14 cover article ennobled one of God's noblemen. The Bishop Sheen story, like the Marian Anderson story (TIME, Dec. 30, 1946), will long be remembered as a superlative piece of biographical writing. Seldom have the spirit, the dedication and the intellect of a man been so completely captured. . .

FRANKLYN E. DOAN

Chicago

Sir:
Fearing that some irascible Protestant may send you an ill-favored letter of criticism of your feature article . . . I hasten to write my thanks and appreciation . . .

(REV.) F. I. DREKLER

Mill Valley, Calif.

Sir:
Your article about Bishop Sheen was tops. A man so successful is a subject of interest to all. . . Nevertheless, how can the average citizen forget that he gets wide publicity in the press such as his church does not allow when it is in control of a country?

The bishop is a member of a minority

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TIME
April 28, 1952

Volume LIX
Number 17



you'll be so nice
to be near when you use

Signature by
MAX FACTOR
HOLLYWOOD
CREAM HAIR DRESSING

An amazing new formula you can use every day—non-greasy, yet tames the wildest hair! Other Signature by MAX FACTOR Hollywood new grooming essentials: After Shave Lotion, Deodorant Cologne, Shower Shampoo, Lazy Shave (hides that beard).

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Airline

More people fly British European Airways than any other airline in Europe . . . and naturally so, too. For in addition to courteous and friendly service, B. E. A. offers the most frequent flights to the leading cities in Europe . . . 12 daily flights London to Paris . . . 3 daily flights to Rome and Nice . . . and many more.

Information, reservations available from travel agents in U.S. and Canada; or B. E. A. offices and travel agents in Europe.

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS
General Sales Agents: British Overseas Airways Corp.

TIME, APRIL 28, 1952

**"FOR BUSINESS OR PLEASURE IT'S
DAYTON THOROBRED TIRES FOR ME!"**



says
Mr. W. J. ROBINSON
PRESIDENT, DENVER CHICAGO TRUCKING
CO., INC., Denver, Colorado

One of a great line of Dayton Thorobred truck tires—each engineered for a specific type of service.



NATION'S
ONLY COAST-TO-COAST CARRIER
One of Denver Chicago's Thorobred-
equipped tractor-trailer units.

**"For My Family's Sake, I Want to Be Sure
of Top Protection!"**

I want safe, dependable stops on every wheel when I step on the brakes—and safety from blowouts as well. That's why I have Dayton Thorobreds on the family car."

You, too, will get double safety from Thorobreds—super-strength Electroni-Cord body for maximum blowout protection and super-safe Skid-Arrestors, molded in the tread, for greatest protection against skids. But that's not all—Dayton's exclusive COLD RUBBER tread compound gives you up to 65% more miles. Get Thorobreds . . . the world's finest, safest tires . . . from your nearest Dayton Dealer, today!



**Dayton
Rubber**

DAYTON RUBBER COMPANY, DAYTON 1, OHIO—SINCE 1905

A COMPLETE LINE OF PASSENGER AND TRUCK TIRES—EVERY ONE A THOROBRED!



V-BELT DRIVES
for industry, railroads,
automobiles, farm
and home



DAYTON ROLLERS
and Offset Blankets
for the printing
industry



TEXTILE PRODUCTS
for spinning and
weaving natural and
synthetic fibers



KOOLFOAM
foam latex pillows
and mattresses

**"In My Business, I Have to Know
Tire Costs!"**

They are a vital factor in a coast-to-coast operation such as ours. Last year, for example, our units ran up close to 40 million miles. Dayton Thorobreds give us fine original tire mileage . . . plus extra recaps. And the safe, non-skid tread design on Dayton's provides extra protection for our drivers and equipment on mountain routes . . . contributes greatly to our fine safety record."

Dayton Thorobred truck tires are setting outstanding records everywhere—with super-strength Rayon Cord carcasses that take recap after recap . . . deliver lowest cost per mile. That's why more and more trucking industry leaders, like W. J. Robinson, are choosing Daytons for their operations.

Dayton Thorobreds—the original
COLD RUBBER passenger tires.



W. J. Robinson, office bound with
his Thorobred-equipped family car.

GET SET *for Summer!*



Install—



whose rights are protected by our Government; yet there is danger that it will become the majority, then we, as the new minority, will be deprived of our rights and be treated as are Protestant minorities in Spain, Argentina, etc. . . . [Thus] His Excellency is a threat to the U.S. . . .

L. LEE LAYTON JR.

Dover, Del.

Sir:

You've done a wonderful job of introducing and explaining Bishop Sheen to those who may wonder what a Roman Catholic clergyman is doing on television. Too many people (Roman Catholics included) have the feeling that priests should be as inconspicuous as possible, lest someone think that Rome is running the U.S. . . .

PATRICIA M. MADDEN

New York City

Sir:

I enjoyed your article on Fulton Sheen. He portrays Christian Truth in his programs only because he omits the relics, superstitions, traditions and non-Biblical hocus-pocus of the Roman Church . . .

(REV.) W. E. TREXLER

St. Stephen's Church (Evangelical and Reformed)
Perkasie, Pa.

Sir:

Bishop Sheen's *Life Is Worth Living* program might put a few psychoanalysts out of business. He has good medicine for a bewildered soul, and a lot more cures for a tired mind than listening to the antics of "Uncle Miltie."

Your presentation was wonderful, and proves that there is still room for God—even in a national publication.

GEORGE D. SCHECKEL

Chicago

Sir:

I am truly amazed. I had no idea our nation was blessed with a theologian of such stature that he influenced the popularity rating of Milton Berle to the extent of a ten-point drop . . .

JOHN MEEHAN

Boston

The Martians Are Coming

Sir:

It was a bright notion to use someone who had not read anything more recent than *Robinson Crusoe* to review my *Galaxy Reader of Science Fiction* [TIME, April 7]. To be expected, however, was the primitive satirical device of too-brief synopses to indicate absurdity. Shakespeare, by this method, reduces to boy meets girl.

Your tree-dwelling pundit can readily accept whatever exists, as shown by the appearance of the review in an issue that discusses such recent impossibilities as atomic medicine, antibiotics, rocketry. These, of course, were thoroughly explored in science fiction before they became reality . . .

H. L. GOLD
Editor

Galaxy Science Fiction
New York City

Sir:

I cannot understand why your book review columns never mention any science fiction publication without ridiculing it . . .

There is much that is fascinating and worth reading in both fantasy and science fiction these days. So give us a break, will you? Enough people have laughed at this type of fiction already . . .

There's nothing wrong with imagination. Most great writers have delved into fantasy at one time or another. Verne, Wells, Poe

From Snap to Print



in 60 seconds

You're sure of your travel pictures when you carry a Polaroid® Camera. You see results in one minute . . . and can shoot again if you're not perfectly satisfied. Label your pictures on the spot and mail them off to friends . . . or keep them for a complete picture story of your trip, ready to show the minute you return.

You're a hit at parties and outings when you can show your pictures on the spot — as fast as you take them.

You'll enjoy the simplicity of this fine camera. Easy "drop-in" film loading; easy to set the single dial that controls lens openings and shutter speeds. Easy to remove the brilliant 3 1/4" x 4 1/4" finished print. Extra copies and enlargements can be obtained through your photographic dealer.

Try it! Your photo dealer will gladly arrange a demonstration of the world's most exciting camera.

YOU'LL WONDER WHY YOU EVER WAITED

POLAROID Land CAMERA

The Camera of a Thousand Business Uses



Every day brings reports of business jobs done faster and better with 60-second photography. Examples:

MAKES PASS PHOTOS FASTER

Polaroid Identification Camera delivers finished prints. Employees get their passes then and there! No need for temporary passes, no waiting for photos, no red tape. Easy to operate. Folds compactly in carrying case.



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use picture-in-a-minute photos to check construction details, record contractors' performance, and make progress reports to clients. Carrying a Polaroid Camera on job inspections saves writing many detailed memoranda.

NEWSPAPERS

everywhere use Polaroid 60-second pictures to make news and advertising photos as fast as big city dailies. (Polaroid film-holding back available for use with Graphic Cameras.) Pictures reproduce well up to three columns.



INSURANCE INVESTIGATORS



carry easy-to-operate Polaroid Cameras. They are sure they have all the evidence they need because they see the pictures on the spot. Photographs are immediately available for reports. Result: Faster handling of claims.

For complete information about the many business applications of Polaroid picture-in-a-minute photography, write to Polaroid Corp., Dept. T-62, Cambridge 39, Massachusetts.

Cool comfort all day
every day in

Florsheim "Daytime Dark" Nylon Mesh Vents

Time was when mesh ventilateds lived a life of ease—strictly "after five and week-ends." Now they're on the job all day, every day, for Florsheim has styled them in practical dark colors. They blend perfectly with workaday tropicals, eliminate cleaning problems, and bring you feather-light, zephyr-soft comfort—with all the famous wear of nylon.



The SOURCE, S-1505.
Using tip gore slip-on in brown
calf and brown nylon mesh.

The Florsheim Shoe Company • Chicago • Makers of fine shoes for men and women



and others are revered figures. Yet people scoff at the new stories in the genre . . .

DONALD V. ALLGEIER

San Marcos, Texas

Sir:

As one of the authors represented in the anthology, allow me to offer you my masochistic approval of your review . . . Spare a tear for the writer who understands just how bad science fiction is, but who needs the money. After what the *avant garde* boys have been doing to literature in the past 50 years, it is not easy to get anywhere with writing founded on respect for the past (economically, that is) . . .

Think of us, writing the damned stuff . . .

JOHN CHRISTOPHER

London, England

Alma Mater or Rich Pater?

Sir:

As one of "the graduates at the bottom of the economic pyramid: teachers and preachers [median income: \$3,584]," I shall not be able to buy your \$4 book, *They Went to College* [TIME, April 7] I wish, therefore, that your three-column analysis had been clearer on one point, but what you do say lends weight to an idea about which I have long been wondering. Do not the higher salaries among the Ivy League graduates come primarily from the fact that a high percentage of them go into their father's business, their father-in-law's business, or into some other business open to them primarily through family contacts? May not the group that does this (and inherits their parents' wealth) be large enough, and make enough money, to raise the general average? . . .

J. KENNETH O'LOANE

Durham, N.H.

Sir:

"The Old Grad" interested me. As an Indiana University senior, I find that I am: 1) a social science major; 2) a Phi Beta Kappa; 3) in four extracurricular activities; and 4) working my way through school. Am I doomed to dismal failure?

WARREN W. SHIREY

Bloomington, Ind.

¶ Let Reader Shirey take heart. As a Phi Beta he might expect \$5,141 (median earnings) a year; as a Hoosier, \$5,176; as a campus hotshot, \$4,775. As a social science major, TIME's study indicated only that his tribe was increasing.—Ed.

Free Air

Sir:

During the next few months, the Federal Communications Commission will hand out to lucky corporations and individuals all over the country—free of charge—more than 2,000 licenses for new TV stations. These licenses are, in effect, valuable perpetual monopolies (if the owner behaves himself), which we know, based on the prices radio stations have brought on sale, often sell for more than \$1,000,000 each . . .

As these TV and radio broadcasting stations are such gold mines for the owners . . . why should not the owners pay annually a percentage of sales to the Government, as any merchant must do who leases a valuable property? It is time to let the poor taxpayer get on the broadcasting gravy train.

FRANK KLOCK

Pasadena, Calif.

Mrs. R. (Cont'd)

Sir:

I am no New Deal fan, Roosevelt fan, nor even a Democrat, but I thought you [April 7] cover story on Eleanor Roosevelt in

TIME, APRIL 28, 1952

The new

PLYMOUTH

*shows you big
forward steps in driving
and riding ease*



SOME CARS affect you like this when encountering an unexpected bump in the road. Another thing that can make you "tense up" while you're driving is the glare of the sun.



NEW PLYMOUTH offers you the relaxation of smooth-gliding Safety-Flow Ride. Also Solex Safety Glass* to reduce glare, help keep out heat of sun.



JUST ONE hydraulic cylinder in front brakes of other leading low-priced cars. Results may be erratic; same pedal pressure doesn't always produce the same braking action.



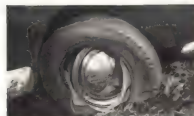
NEW PLYMOUTH'S front brakes have two hydraulic cylinders. Results always smooth and sure—same braking action for the same pedal pressure every time.



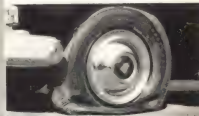
CONVENTIONAL seat used in many cars. To get head room under a too-low roof contour, it's built low and tilted back. Uncomfortable posture; weight on base of spine; knees jackknifed.



NEW PLYMOUTH has Chair-Height seats—highest seats in the lowest-priced field. Ample head room, but erect, natural posture. Full support for legs and back.



ORDINARY wheel rim, after a blow-out. Tire has twisted off the rim and the resulting drag on one wheel has caused the car to go out of control and into the ditch.



NEW PLYMOUTH has Safety-Rim Wheels, an "exclusive" in the lowest-priced field. Blown-out tire held squarely on the rim, allowing a safe, controlled stop.

NEW AUTOMATIC OVERDRIVE

ANOTHER NEW feature now available with the 1952 Plymouth is Automatic Overdrive*. Just let up on the gas pedal at any speed over 25 and you're in Overdrive, gliding along with the same forward speed but with engine speed 30% less. For sudden acceleration just "step down" on the gas pedal and you're back in conventional drive.

There's a Plymouth dealer near you. See him soon!

*Optional equipment at moderate extra cost

Equipment and tires are subject to availability of materials
PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Michigan



**LOOK
HERE**



FERTILIZER



**LOOK IN THE
'YELLOW PAGES'
OF YOUR TELEPHONE DIRECTORY
for HOME OR
BUSINESS
NEEDS**

very bad taste, and written in a most petty and slandering manner, totally unworthy of a woman of her stature.

FLORA PENCOMAN

South San Francisco

Sir:

Your article . . . was gentle and sympathetic. You were appreciative of the hardships of her particular life, and you consistently trotting the stairways of the world, straightening its curtains—like a tolerant second cousin.

KATHRYN NELSON

Worthington, Minn.

Sir:

Long may she traipse!

FRANCES STERN

New York City

Sir:

You may admire Mrs. Roosevelt—we pity her. Naturally, she is embarrassed at the discovery of the festering Red sores in her husband's administration, but she might have the grace and sportsmanship to admit their existence.

CATHERINE PRENDERGAST

Bronxville, N.Y.

Sir:

You refer to a question which still troubles those who find it not difficult to resist her charm: "Does she know, with her feelings as well as with her mind, that Russia is a terrible and terrorized police state, ruled with complete cynicism by a gang of ruthless and bloody-minded professors?" I know Mrs. Roosevelt knows, and I think she knows it with a feeling even deeper than Mr. Churchill's. She is a communist not a Communist; a democrat not a Democrat; a Christian not a Christian, as her "performance" or *namaskar* so movingly declares.

MARCIA LEE ANDERSON

Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:

. . . Mrs. R. is a great-hearted woman, in spite of her manifest ineptitudes.

KENDALL WEISIGER

Atlanta

Sir:

. . . She has redeemed herself to some degree from being an active associate of a regime of incompetence and demagoguery. Why don't we let it go at that and let Eleanor retire to the sidelines where she truly belonged in 1932?

ROBERT FAIRBANK

Morro Bay, Calif.

Anguish in Bartlesville

Sir:

You may be forgiven for featuring a chess tournament in your Sport pages. You may be forgiven for nigh onto any other honest mistake. But take cover, brother . . . when you misplace a cherished possession of 20-odd thousand fight-at-the-drop-of-a-hat citizens of Bartlesville, Okla. When those citizens read in *Time*, April 7 Sport section that the Phillips Oilers were from Denver, Colo., the air was rent with screams of anguish that would have done justice to the Brooklyn faithful in the Polo Grounds last October.

For the past 12 years, the Phillips Oilers have been a part of Bartlesville, and by dern tootin' they always will be, championship or no championship.

BILL MARINO

Bartlesville, Okla.

Q *TIME's* Sport researcher, who is no one's brother, takes cover behind her blushes.—Ed.



**Engineered
to
outperform—
built
to outlast
them all!**

Packard

**Ask The Man
Who Owns One**

PAGE FENCE

• AMERICA'S FIRST WIRE FENCE •



Safe!



Every child should have this safeguard against street hazards, trespassers and stray dogs. Everything within your property lines should be protected by good-looking, long-lasting Page Chain Link Fence, erected by a nearby expert who will submit cost estimates without obligation. It can be F.H.A. financed. Firm name will be sent with booklet DH-1270 on request.

PAGE FENCE ASSOCIATION • Monroeville, Pa.



The "All-Round" Healthy Child

Great progress has been made in protecting the health of children, especially among those aged one to five. Since 1900, for example, the mortality rate for measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, and diphtheria combined has been reduced more than 95 percent. In addition, methods of treatment for many

other illnesses have been improved so much that the years of childhood are safer today than ever before.

As a result of these advances, doctors and other specialists are now working toward a new goal—to bring *all-round health* to every child. This means more than protection against disease and cor-

rection of physical defects. It includes equal recognition of all the factors that will help the child achieve a healthy emotional life.

In order to give the child every opportunity to develop and maintain *all-round health*, authorities stress the importance of the suggestions given below.

For the child's physical well-being



During the early years, good health habits can be developed that may be of benefit throughout life. Doctors believe that if the child is taught to eat the essential foods, and if plenty of sleep, rest, relaxation, and exercise are included in the daily routine, the child will be more resistant to certain illnesses that occur during the growing years.

Specialists also say that safeguards against communicable diseases must not be relaxed. Fortunately, most of the common child-

hood diseases are under control—thanks to various immunizations. However, since certain inoculations must be repeated at intervals, it is wise for parents to keep in touch with the doctor. In this way, the child's protection can be kept up to date.

Often a child's health is impaired by physical handicaps. If these are recognized early, it may be possible to correct them before they become serious.

For the child's emotional well-being



A child's reactions—his fears, his resentments, his sorrows—play a vital part in his personality development.

In fact, specialists generally agree that a healthy adjustment to life often depends on how the child's emotional needs are met. They say that if the usual anxieties and conflicts of early life are dealt with patiently and sympathetically, the child will be better prepared to meet troublesome situations in later years in a mature way.

Of course, all children experience some of the emotional problems of growth. Usually they do not lead to lasting trouble. If, however, a *persistent* behavior problem develops, the help of a specialist may be advisable.

Periodic medical check-ups are also important in maintaining *all-round health* among very young children. These give the doctor a chance to detect both physical and emotional difficulties early, and to give treatment or advice when it will be most effective.

DEPENDENT 1228—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.



Please send me a copy of Metropolitan's new booklet, 662-T, "Understanding Your Young Child."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____



Electronic marvels for defense

... by the makers of your Bell telephone



Radar fire control systems for the Navy's biggest guns.



Radar fire control systems for the guns that guard our skies.



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Radar fire control systems for naval anti-aircraft guns.



Multi-channel radio sets for military aircraft of all types.



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ELECTRONIC "BRAINS" that direct guns, bombs, and guided missiles to the right target call for much the same production techniques we use in making the electronic "brains" that guide your dial telephone call to the right number.

THAT'S WHY Western Electric, with 70 years of experience as manufacturing unit of the Bell Telephone System, has ready the highly specialized skills now needed to

produce these electronic elements of our national defense. That's why Western Electric, with the help of thousands of subcontractors, large and small, is now turning out quantities of equipment for the Army, Navy and Air Force.

AT THE SAME TIME we are going full speed ahead on our regular job—making telephone equipment to help keep Bell System service going and growing.

Western Electric



A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

only from

Admiral

TELEVISION

WITH BUILT-IN RADIO

...at no extra cost!

Model 37M12—Admiral 17" TV with built-in radio
tune control, and plug-in jack for record player.



Model 47M36—Admiral 17" TV
Console with built-in radio, tune
control for TV, radio and records;
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Model 421M33—Admiral 21"
TV Console with built-in radio.
New anti-reflection picture tube
provides 245 sq. inches of glare
free viewing surface.



Admiral Big Picture TV Is Priced as Low as \$17995

No Hidden "Extras"—Prices include Federal Tax, one-year picture tube
warranty and standard parts warranty.

On TV and RADIO—See and hear both Presidential Nominating Con-
ventions on ABC Networks. • On RADIO—"World News" with Bob Trout,
Sundays, 5:30 PM EDT on CBS.

**NOW . . . TELEVISION PLUS BUILT-IN RADIO . . . BOTH IN A
COMPACT TV CABINET . . . BOTH AT THE COST OF TV ALONE!**

It's another spectacular "first" from
Admiral . . . TV with built-in radio
at no extra cost! And what a radio!
Don't confuse it with an ordinary
table model worth \$25 or \$30! Be-
cause here is a radio with rich con-
sole tone, with unmatched selectiv-
ity and sensitivity achieved by uti-
lizing the full power of Admiral's
famous triple-X TV chassis.

Never before has so much power
been available in a radio alone!
Compare its performance with the
most expensive console radio-pho-
nograph available anywhere today.

Yes, here is a magnificent new radio
that brings in all standard broad-
casts . . . a radio worth over \$100,
if purchased by itself . . . and it's
yours at no extra cost, built right
into your 1952 Admiral console or
table model television receiver.

More than ever before, you will
want a dependable radio conven-
iently at hand to hear, as well as
see, the many history making events
to be unfolded in this all-important
election year. With a 1952 Admiral
you can instantly shift from TV
to radio at the flick of a switch.

YOUR LONG GAME IS LONGER

U.S. ROYAL

ELECTRONIC

YOUR SHOT GAME IS TIGHTER

ELECTRONIC
U.S. Royal
3



Here, at last, is golf ball perfection!
For only U. S. Royal and U. S. True Blue
combine Silicone "Magic" Center, pre-
cision-molded rubber jacket, electronically
controlled windings of the finest rubber tape
and thread, Cadwell cover, and flashing-white paint.
With U. S. Royal, you'll play a better, more confident
game, round after round. Try it and see!

U.S. ROYAL GOLF BALLS *at your pro shop*

PRODUCTS OF UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY



TIME, APRIL 28, 1952

No better engineered

So why pay hundreds of dollars more?

Whether hauling and delivery is a big part of your business, or a small part, you want it put on the most efficient and economical basis possible.

To thousands of concerns, that means Chevrolet. Because Chevrolet trucks get work done in a way that makes it needless and wasteful to pay more. Because their engineering features and rugged construction ask no quarter of any truck at any price. Because Chevrolet operating and upkeep costs are rock-bottom, and depreciation is low. Chevrolet trucks traditionally bring more at trade-in, percentage-wise, than any other make. The value's built in to stay.

Maybe you've been buying "too much" truck for your job. Maybe "too little." Better find out what a Chevrolet truck that's *factory-matched* to your payload can do to cut your over-all hauling or delivery costs. See your Chevrolet dealer. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.



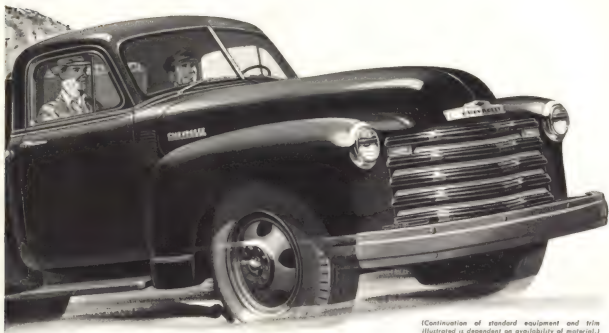
10 straight years

as first choice of America's
truck buyers

More people buy Chevrolet trucks than any other make. That's been true for 10 straight truck-production years. This preference is proof of sound, solid value. It enables Chevrolet to provide finer engineering features at prices that mean substantial savings.

SEE THE DINAH SHORE SHOW ON TELEVISION
Every Tuesday and Thursday Evenings, NBC-TV Network

truck at any price!



(Continuation of standard equipment and trim illustrated is dependent on availability of material.)

20 great features that mean finer performance at lower cost

VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE: The right power for your job—plus economy—in the Loadmaster or the Thriftmaster engine.

BLUE-FLAME COMBUSTION: High efficiency combustion chamber squeezes all available power from fuel.

POWER-JET CARBURETION: Meters the flow of fuel to meet exact requirements of engine load and speed with 2-way controlled ignition.

FULL LENGTH JACKET WATER COOLING: Water jackets completely surround each cylinder for more complete cooling.

SPECIALIZED 4-WAY LUBRICATION: Provides 4 special types of lubrication to lengthen engine life.

SYNCHRO-MESH TRANSMISSION: Quick, quiet, safe shifting—eliminates "double-clutching."

DIAPHRAGM SPRING CLUTCH: One single-disc spring provides positive engagement, reduces wear.

HYPOID REAR AXLE: Lowers tooth pressures, stronger tooth section gives extra durability.

STRADDLE-MOUNTED PINION: Maintains better gear alignment, better tooth contact on medium- and heavy-duty models.

SINGLE-UNIT REAR AXLE HOUSING: No bolts, no joints, formed from tubular beams to withstand heavy loads.

FULL SIZE REAR AXLE INSPECTION PLATE: Saves time and trouble on inspections during regular maintenance.

SPLINED AXLE-TO-HUB CONNECTION: Driving splines mate directly with wheel hubs on heavy-duty models. No bolts to loosen or permit oil leaks.

BALL-GEAR STEERING: Free rolling steel balls between worm and nut cut friction, save wear.

"TWIN-ACTION" HEAVY-DUTY REAR BRAKES: Two cylinders in each brake, gives safer, more positive braking.

"TORQUE-ACTION" LIGHT-DUTY BRAKES: Make full use of truck momentum for greater stopping power.

BONDED BRAKE LININGS: Rivetless linings on light- and medium-duty models nearly double lining life.

BATTLESHIP CAB CONSTRUCTION: Each cab is a double-walled, all-welded steel unit of great strength.

FLEXI-MOUNTED CAB: Minimizes vibration and driver fatigue.

HEAVY-DUTY CHANNEL TYPE FRAME: Deep channel-section side rails give maximum rigidity.

UNIT-DESIGNED BODIES: Floors, tops, sides built as separate matching units for greater strength and safety. Widest color choice at no extra cost.

Now...three great

Magnavox

television innovations!



INSIDE Magnavox heirloom-quality cabinetry you find three remarkable new TV developments for better sight, better sound, better performance all around! With today's superb Magnascope Big-Picture System you enjoy sharper, clearer, more lifelike TV than ever before—now completely free of distracting reflections and optically filtered for easier viewing. Magnavox TV prices start at just \$229.50. Only stores known for their exceptional service are selected to sell Magnavox instruments. Consult your classified telephone directory. The Magnavox Company, Fort Wayne, Ind.

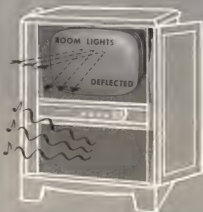
• THE CONTEMPORARY 21 (shown above) with 21-inch cylindrical picture tube, optically filtered safety glass, long-distance chassis, high-fidelity Magnavox tone. Available in blond or mahogany finish.

New... 1

Superpowered Magnavox long-distance chassis greatly improves big-picture quality in all TV localities. Now weak-signal areas receive strong-signal performance!

New... 2

Built-in optically filtered safety glass ends glare, brings out every shade from blackest black to sparkling white. Tilted tube and screen deflects all roomlight reflections.



New... 3

Specially designed Magnavox inclined speaker better distributes the magnificent tone of the world's finest sound reproducing systems. No other television set has it!

magnificent

Magnavox television

BETTER SIGHT...BETTER SOUND...BETTER BUY MAGNAVOX

ULTRA HIGH FREQUENCY UNITS READILY ATTACHABLE

Prices subject to change without notice.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

War & Peace

One year, ten months and three days after the outbreak of war in Korea, the U.S. last week wrote an end to an earlier Pacific campaign which had carried the nation's hopes of peace in the Far East. With a plastic fountain pen from his desk set, President Harry Truman scratched his signature to the peace treaty with Japan and wrote in the date: April 15, 1952—just ten years, four months and eight days after Pearl Harbor.

THE PRESIDENCY

The Answer Man

His big decision made, Harry Truman. President of the U.S., was talking like a new man. In some ways, he sounded a good bit like Candidate Harry Truman, yearning for the whistle stops again. But to the old back-platform folksiness and give-em-hell zest, he had added another quality: the regardless candor of a man who is soon to become plain Harry Truman, U.S. citizen.

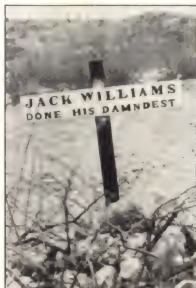
Last week he moved his regular press conference (his 300th in seven years) into the dim, cavernous auditorium of the Smithsonian Institution so that 400 visiting editors of the American Society of Newspaper Editors could hear the new Truman in action. After the picture-taking and handshaking, A.S.N.E. President Alexander F. ("Casey") Jones of the Syracuse (N.Y.) *Herald-Journal* began the show with a planted question that none of the White House regulars had thought to ask before. He asked the President to comment on his "political philosophy in retiring." and Harry Truman was off.

The Job to Do. In a relaxed and expansive mood, he let his broad smile travel across the room and offered a few homely reflections for direct quotation. Said the President: "I have been a very close student of the presidency of the United States and also of the individual Presidents who have occupied the place since Washington's time, and my reason for not running again is based on the fact that I don't think that any man, I don't care how good he is, is indispensable in any job . . ."

¶ To a visiting friend last week, the President gave a more down-to-earth reason for his retirement, quoting a favorite expression of his military jester, Major General Harry Vaughan: "If you don't like the heat, get out of the kitchen. Well, that's what I'm doing."

"When a man has been in this very responsible post for eight years, which I will practically have been by the 20th day of next January, he has, or he should have by that time made all the contribution he possibly can to the welfare of the country. He has either done it well or done it not well."

"I have tried my best to give the nation everything I had in me. There are



ARIZONA EPITAPH

Harry Truman: "I have tried my best."

probably a million people who could have done the job better than I did it, but I had the job and I had to do it, and I always quote an epitaph on a tombstone in a cemetery in Tombstone, Ariz.: *Here lies Jack Williams. He done his damdest.*"

A Rain of Questions. Harry Truman's damdest, as he saw it, took in a lot of territory. Aside from the prevention of World War III, he thought, the greatest accomplishment of his Administration has been keeping employment at full tilt. Said he: We have been able to fix the income of the country so that it is fairly distributed—an even economy, well-balanced so everybody has a fair chance. And after the rearmament program is finished a Point Four program—if it raises the standards of living of the underdeveloped parts of the world at least 2%—can keep U.S. production going for the next 25 years.

As the questions rained down, Truman tossed off his answers with obvious relish.

¶ On political experts: Editors don't know anything about politics, and he is trying to learn them something.

¶ On a Southern Democrat as the presidential nominee: A Southerner could be nominated at the convention if he is willing to run on the Democratic platform; you can't be a Democrat with reservations.

¶ On favorite Son Averell Harriman (see below) as a vote-getter: that depends altogether on the impression you make. The President went out [in 1948] and traveled 31,700 miles, gave 355 speeches, saw 7,000,000 people and talked to 30 million more people over the radio and sold them a bill of goods and became President.

¶ On the Democratic platform for 1952: The President had already read it aloud in his Jefferson-Jackson Day speech.

¶ On his own plans for the future: He did not plan to become a history professor because he has no college degrees except honorary ones, and he does not believe that any college in the country would consider him qualified to teach. He would love to run for Senator from Missouri, but he wouldn't use the power of the presidency to run this fall and did not want to run against Democrat Tom Hennings, who comes up for re-election in 1956.

¶ On ex-Presidents: A lot of people would like to tie a rock to ex-Presidents and throw them in the Potomac. But he thinks Herbert Hoover made a wonderful contribution to his country as chairman of the Commission for the Reorganization of the Government, and Truman expects to do whatever he is asked to do, just as these people have done for him.

Genesis to Revelations. The new Truman was charming the visiting editors right down out of the masthead. Though he had often upbraided the editors as heatedly as Franklin Roosevelt, he smoothly refused the chance to deliver a scolding in person. He had no specific complaints today, said Harry Truman with a disarming grin. Then one of the editors asked the day's sharpest question: "Mr. President, if it is proper to seize the steel mills, can you in your opinion seize the newspapers and radio stations?" Replied the President: Under similar circumstances, the President has to act for whatever is for the best interests of the country. That is your answer.

Presidential Press Secretary Joe Short, besieged later for a clarification, did his best to patch matters up again: "It was a

purely academic and hypothetical question and there is no amplification or comment on it." Truman, himself, did not elaborate. But next day, while telling 100 visiting Protestant editors that his press conference had produced questions ranging from "Genesis to Revelations," he grinned and said: "I don't know whether I gave them the right answers or not."

Deep Roots. Right or wrong, Harry Truman had answers for everybody all week long. He flew out to Offutt Air Force Base, Omaha, to lecture seven flood-weary Midwestern governors (six of them Republicans) on the need for flood control (see below). "I want to get this job done," he snapped. "There isn't any sense in our fooling around any longer." For the Daughters of the American Revolution, gathered in annual convention in Washington, he had a polite welcoming note and a couple of not-so-polite digs. During a White House ceremony for Polish Refugee Josef Zylka (last of the European refugees to come to the U.S. under the Displaced Persons Act), Truman observed that "some of the descendants of those early [U.S.] immigrants have come to the conclusion that they shouldn't help other people who are now in the same condition . . . I am not one of them, although my roots go back as far as any . . . I am not an ancestor hunter."

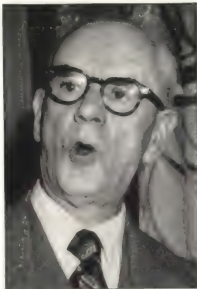
But he saved his angriest words to rattle the House of Representatives for cutting \$4.7 billion out of the \$51 billion defense appropriation for 1953 (TIME, April 21). It was a shrewdly timed outburst, designed to show Harry Truman, though he himself had sharply slashed the armed forces' budget, as the fearless champion of adequate defense.

Turnip Day. "How did the House of Representatives decide to make a cut like this?" he asked at a dedication ceremony for a new AMVETS headquarters in Washington. "Did they say, 'We have been over the whole defense program and we think you ought to plan something smaller?' No, no, they didn't say anything like that. They said, 'This program is all right—but we won't provide the money to put it over!' . . . They just said, 'Cut it—and don't bother us with details.' I wish I had the whole outfit right here before me now . . . If I have to call a special Turnip Day session* every day from now until the first of January, we're going to get this thing done and it's going to be done right . . ."

"This nation is still in deadly peril. We have an Army confronting the enemy in the field. We have troops and bases at vital points overseas . . . Until the Kremlin shows by deeds that it is willing to abandon its aggressive designs, we must prepare to prevent disaster. This may be an election year, but the Kremlin won't take a vacation simply because of the po-

litical situation. If we weaken, if we fall back, the Kremlin will see a chance to move in. There's only one real language they understand."

And the President of the U.S., glaring fiercely, held up a tightly clenched fist for all to see. The gesture might have been more to the point, punctuating another above-the-battle lecture by the new Harry Truman, if the President himself did not still rate a large share of the blame for the perilous state of the nation's defenses. But many a good Democrat, glumly contemplating the leaderless, divided state of the party last week, realized with a sharp sense of loss just how much the party would miss the political touch of the old campaigner.



STEELWORKERS' MURRAY
To the last quarter note.

LABOR

Deadlock in Steel

The new boss of the nation's multibillion dollar steel industry was Commerce Secretary Charles Sawyer. But Boss Sawyer was just singing the words & music composed by the Government's wage and price stabilizers. "I hope it won't be too long before I can turn [the mills] back," Sawyer told a television audience this week. But after talks between the steelmen and the C.I.O. steelworkers' union broke down again, Sawyer reluctantly announced that he was going to give the union at least part of the benefits (a 26.1¢ wage package plus the union shop) recommended by the Wage Stabilization Board.

Did that also mean that the Government would give the Government-operated plants a price rise? Not if Price Stabilizer Ellis Arnall could call the tune. Georgian Arnall lashed out at the companies for their insistence that the WSB benefits would add \$12 a ton to production costs. Steel could have a price boost under the Capehart Amendment of \$3 a ton, he de-

clared, but no more. "I'm not going to any Munich . . . If the price of peace is surrender and a steel price increase, we're not going to have peace . . ." The companies struck back with full-page newspaper ads, and denounced Arnall for using his federal office as "a vehicle for anti-industry propaganda."

As the deadlock tightened, tempers flared higher. Congress seethed with rancorous argument over the President's high-handed seizure of steel. Ohio's Republican Representative George H. Bender asked for a bipartisan committee to consider impeachment of Harry Truman. The Senate Labor Committee (favorable to the Administration) began hearings on a bill that would regulate Government seizures. The Senate Judiciary Committee (unfavorable to the Administration) prepared to rake over the constitutionality of Truman's action. With the Administration still backing him up, Steelworker Boss Philip Murray berated the companies, and called for the full WSB score, down to the last quarter note: "I expect the Government of the U.S. to impose the [WSB] recommendations."

Though Phil Murray belittled the hue & cry over the constitutionality of seizing the steel mills last week, he might have begun to have some private doubts about the whole principle of Government seizure. Since August 1950, when the President acted to forestall a strike, the Secretary of the Army has been in charge of the nation's railways. The workers have not got the pay raise they demand, and now they want to strike against the Government. Last week a federal court in Cleveland gave them their answer: an injunction barring a strike. Cried James P. Shields, Grand Chief Engineer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers: "In the light of the Cleveland decision, and the seizure of the steel industry, this nation is faced with the specter of continuing and expanding involuntary servitude unless present seizure tactics are wiped out on constitutional grounds."

THE CONGRESS

Breather

Hardly a Congressman was to be seen on Capitol Hill last week. House members were still enjoying a leisurely Easter vacation. Most of the scattering of Senators on hand spent one lazy afternoon at the ballpark, returned to wrangle over the steel seizure and the amount to be cut from the \$7.9 billion foreign aid bill. Major congressional action of the week: none.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

"Buy Free World"

The best way for U.S. allies to close dangerous dollar gaps in their economies is to sell more of their goods in the vast U.S. market, ECA officials and U.S. industrialists have long preached the need for Europeans to look for new ways of appealing to the U.S. consumers, thus earn dol-

* A throwback to the 1948 Democratic Convention, where Nominee Truman, in a 2 a.m. acceptance speech, announced that he was summoning Congress into special session for July 26, "which out in Missouri they call Turnip Day."

lars to help pay for heavy U.S. imports to their own countries. By last week it was clear that the American pep talks to Europeans had run into some embarrassing contradictions.

Turning the heat on the U.S. Tariff Commission, many U.S. manufacturers are asking and getting stiff tariff increases on competitive European products.* Other companies are insisting that U.S. Government agencies, which spend immense sums for equipment and supplies, must "Buy American"—in conformity with a 1933 law which prevents federal agencies from buying foreign goods unless they are at least 25% cheaper (after paying the U.S. tariff) than comparable U.S. products.

At a press conference in Washington, Secretary of State Dean Acheson brought the situation into the open. The Italian government, he said, had recently complained to the U.S. about growing tariff restrictions and the Buy American discrimination. Specifically, Rome noted that U.S. manufacturers had persuaded the U.S. Tariff Commission to raise import duties on such Italian products as oranges, almonds, cheese and felt hat bodies. Said Acheson: "Inconsistencies in U.S. policies, caused by pressures for trade restrictions, weaken our world leadership . . ."

Other allies have also voiced their concern over the revival of U.S. protectionist policies. London is worried about possible hikes in U.S. tariff rates on motorcycles, bicycles, chinaware, tobacco pipes and wood screws. The Netherlands is worried about the prospects of selling its Edam cheese; Denmark has similar fears for its exports of Blue cheese, which add up to only a minuscule percentage of U.S. consumption but could pay for one-third of

* Under the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act, as renewed and amended in 1951, the Tariff Commission must investigate all requests for higher duties. When the level of any import reaches a so-called "peril point" (i.e., threatens to hurt domestic producers), tariffs must be automatically raised.



"CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN"
With filet mignon, a quandary.



KERR, STEVENSON & HARRIMAN
For leap year, on ideas.

Associated Press

the coal Denmark must import from the U.S. each year. Peru, encouraged by Point Four officials to develop tuna fishing, feels threatened by the demand of U.S. tuna fisheries for a protective tariff.

The protectionist pressure, if not held back, can play havoc with the weak economies of America's partners abroad, and the greater the dollar gap, the greater the peril to the free world's security. The New York Times last week proposed a change in U.S. slogans; in place of "Buy American" it suggested "Buy Free World."

DEMOCRATS

A Purebred No

As the campaign season progresses, the political varieties of "yes," "no" and "maybe" grow and multiply, and multi-colored hybrids burst out all over the garden. Last week one of the leading prospects for the Democratic presidential nomination tried to produce his own home-grown species of the purebred "no." Illinois' Governor Adlai Stevenson, who was the Truman Democrats' favorite favorite son, said it as explicitly as he could: "In view of my prior commitment to run for governor, and my desire and the desire of many who have given me their help and confidence in our unfinished work in Illinois, I could not accept the nomination for any other office this summer."

Politicians and pundits immediately began to pick at Stevenson's statement and make slides for closer study under their political microscopes. One thought that "this summer" could be taken as a hint of a short summer. Another pointed out that "could not" is not "will not." The Chicago amateurs running the national Stevenson-for-President committee announced that they would not close up shop, but would stand by for developments. Professional Jack Arvey, Illinois' Democratic National Committeeman, said he is still for Stevenson, thinks his man "should & would accept" a draft. Even Harry Truman, who had displayed his own brand of purebred

no only last month, seemed far from convinced. At his flood conference in Omaha, the President shook Stevenson's hand, gave him a big grin and said: "Adlai, I don't believe it."

But there was every indication that Adlai Stevenson's no really meant no. Despite the pressure turned on by well-wishers from all over the U.S., he feels that he is committed to run for re-election as governor, that he still has a job to do in Illinois, that he owes a first loyalty to the friends he has persuaded to accept public office during his term at Springfield. He is determined not to let the state slip back under the control of ex-Governor Dwight Green's Republican machine. Besides, he is not certain that he is ready for the presidency, is not sure that he could win against a Republican candidate like Eisenhower. His "this summer" phrase seemed calculated only to leave the door open for an entrance into the presidential picture in 1956, after another term as governor of Illinois.

By week's end, most politicians in Washington were convinced that Stevenson can be counted out for 1952. While there will still be talk about a draft, the politically wise know that a nominee is rarely drafted unless he is willing to sign the induction order himself.

The Famine

The two big noises—Harry Truman's and Adlai Stevenson's—still echoed through Democratic ranks last week as the party faithful gathered at the Waldorf for the great New York clam bake. The affair was officially billed as a \$100-a-plate testimonial dinner honoring Mutual Security Administrator W. Averell Harriman and launching him as a presidential candidate. It was also a prime Democratic livestock show, with all the prize specimens on display. But one measure of the Democrats' dazed condition was the fact that the blue ribbon went to Stevenson, who had just strolled out to the pasture.

A smiling Adlai Stevenson got the big-

gest ovation of any speaker, and promptly touched on the party's unhappy state. "I think I have the answer to all of our perplexities here tonight," he said, and read from a letter he had received that afternoon: "Honorable Governor Stevenson . . . You should marry Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and you should run for the presidential nomination and put Mrs. Roosevelt on the ticket for Vice President and you will go over big." Said Stevenson: "Now I propose to send this message to Mrs. Roosevelt with the respectful comment that I think it an excellent idea, but after all, this is leap year."

Who, Not What. In more serious vein, Stevenson had another point to make: "Perhaps it isn't exactly the thing to say to a partisan meeting, but who wins this fall is less important than what wins—what ideas, what concept of the world of tomorrow, what quality of perception, leadership and courage."



NANCY KEFAUVER & FRIENDS*
She felt like Alice among the medicine bottles.

But at the moment, the Democrats' question was not so much what, but who. With neither Truman nor Stevenson left in the race, the party suddenly found itself in a quandary it has not known for 20 years. It was a wide-open fight, with no orders from the White House—and with Estes Kefauver, the man the Truman Democrats most emphatically do not want to succeed, running out in front of the field.

No Blazes. The new candidate who was bowing into the field hardly seemed the man to resolve the dilemma. Harry Truman sent a message praising Averell Harriman's "talents as a statesman, as an administrator, and as a great liberal deeply devoted to the fundamental purposes of the Democratic Party and to the welfare of the American people." Harriman, the pleasantly haggard millionaire who has been a New-Fair Dealer since he became an NRA administrator in 1934, stepped forward to do his best. He spoke in loud, firm tones: "Foreign and domestic policies

are indivisible . . . If the voices of hesitation prevail, we would destroy what we have built and we would be on the road to World War III . . . The Republicans never change, they voted against everything that has made this country strong in the last 20 years." But as Candidate Harriman sat down to polite applause, no blazes of political fervor sparked to life.

For loyal Democrats, the big dinner was a sad and dreary performance. Oklahoma's Senator Bob Kerr was plainly running against Herbert Hoover, Connecticut's Senator Brien McMahon against Joe Stalin and Vice President Alben Barkley against time and old age. Only Front-Runner Kefauver, running hard against sin, was able to give the New Yorkers a first-hand demonstration of how he has been piling up big votes in primaries (New Jersey: 161,000 votes, with no opposition). While the others were eating, the Keef slipped away from the daffodil-strewn

lina's Governor James F. Byrnes: "My hope is that we can find it possible to affiliate with the Democratic Party. That is the political house of our fathers. We want to return to that house. But we ought to make it crystal clear that we will not return if we are going to be treated as stepchildren." Next day, the Louisiana state convention also served notice of readiness to revolt.

As the Democrats unhappily left the ruins of the filet mignon and the empty Scotch bottles, more & more names of favorite sons and prospective candidates popped hopefully into view. But after the big feast of New York, with the convention only three months away, the party was still famished—for a candidate.

Secret Weapon

While Candidate Kefauver was earnestly pumping hands from Massachusetts to Florida last week, the candidate's wife was competently tending the family's political fences back in Washington. Red-haired Nancy Kefauver, slim and trim in a bronze, low-cut, strapless gown, rose before 400 guests at a Women's National Press Club dinner. Her voice trembled a bit as she began her first political speech, and she admitted that she felt like "Alice among the medicine bottles." But she soon bit just the right note.

As she traveled around the country with Estes, said Nancy, she became convinced that the people want her husband for President and that he understands the people's problems. "Estes seems interested in every man, woman and child," she explained. "He sees in the racketeer someone who might have been a useful citizen, in the underprivileged, someone who might have made the grade if given an even break. He is concerned about the little businessman, the worker, the housewife and the children of America." Added Nancy: "As for me, the prospect of the presidency is not an entirely pleasant one. Does any wife and mother really want to give up the greatest thing in the world—the private joys of regular American family life?"

With that, the crowd gave her the biggest hand of the night. Obviously, much of the applause was for Nancy and her winning ways—not necessarily for what she said. But even the other candidates and their spokesmen on the program seemed to go for this Kefauver. Said Bachelor Dick Russell: "Kefauver's chief accomplishment is that he outmarried himself to such an extent. His wife is his most dangerous secret weapon . . . If I were running with Mrs. Kefauver, I'd be glad to accept second place." Ohio's Representative Clarence Brown, on hand to speak for Candidate Taft, beamed fondly across the political fence. Said he: "Now I'm almost convinced that I should support Kefauver—Nancy, that is."

* Said Alice: "It was much pleasanter at home, when one wasn't always growing larger and smaller, and being ordered about by mice and rabbits."

* Richard Russell, Harold Stassen, Paul Hoffmann, Clarence Brown.

REPUBLICANS

Battles of the East

Robert Taft limped out of the New Jersey primary last week, still without a firm foothold on either coast. It was 388,907 for Eisenhower to 228,664 for Taft, with Harold Stassen as usual panting far behind (23,801 votes). Republican leaders counted 36 of the state's 38 delegates for Ike, only two for Taft. Eisenhower carried 20 of the state's 21 counties, losing only Hudson County (Jersey City) to the Ohio Senator.

Taft supporters tried hard to claim a moral victory for their absent candidate. Said John D. M. Hamilton, Taft's eastern campaign manager: "For a candidate who was supposed to have political appeal, General Eisenhower has made a very sorry showing in New Jersey." But Governor Alfred Driscoll, elected as an Eisenhower delegate after a fierce anti-Driscoll campaign by the Taft forces, snapped out a sharp retort: "A loss by 150,000, in a comparatively small vote in an election conducted in horrible weather, is certainly not a moral victory. It is a defeat. Mr. Hamilton is still using the same expressions that he used when his candidate, Landon, won two states out of 48 in 1936."

Ike's supporters could now point to significant demonstrations of popularity in a New England state (New Hampshire), a Midwest agricultural state (Minnesota) and a big eastern industrial state. Taft's show of strength was still confined to the midlands and the South.

Next: Massachusetts. While the backers argued the post-mortems, Candidate Taft hustled on to Massachusetts, where Republicans will elect 38 delegates next week and write in their preferences for President. As Taft relaxed in the pleasant spring sunshine, the Bay State got the full Taft treatment.

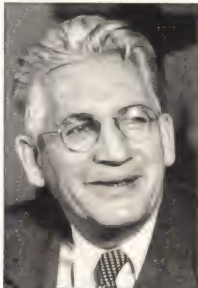
At Worcester, Virginia Mistark, a 14-year-old high-school student, waited for more than half an hour to give Taft a yellow daffodil. He smiled and stuck the flower into his lapel. When Virginia remarked that she might be late for class, he took her notebook and penned a note to her teacher: "Please excuse Virginia Mistark for being late. I delayed her, Robert A. Taft."

In Cambridge, Taft appeared at the Patriots' Day exercise, smiled indulgently as a rider in a wig and tricorn hat arrived on his way to warn Lexington the British were coming. He kept right on smiling as a band of anti-Taft Harvard students hoisted placards proclaiming a Taft cabinet: Joe McCarthy for Attorney General, Chiang Kai-shek as Secretary of State, General MacArthur as Secretary of Defense, Fred Hartley (of Taft-Hartley) as Secretary of Labor, and Ohio's Senator John Bricker as Secretary of Commerce.

The Target: Truman. Covering 330 miles in three days, Bob Taft found the crowds large and enthusiastic, and he warmed, glowing, to his work. Said Basil

Brewer, Taft's chairman in Massachusetts: "He was so pleased with the applause that he lapsed into eloquence. You know, he doesn't have any use for rhetoric, but he was carried away in spite of himself."

The main Taft target was still Harry Truman. When he was handed a press bulletin about Truman's threat to keep Congress in session until it approves the defense budget, Taft snapped: "That only carries out the fact that he seems to have gone completely off his head. Like Charles I of England, apparently he claims he has the right to get any money he asks for. Congress has a definite answer to that. They don't have to come back. They can stay home." When a reporter commented that Truman must be his secret ally, Taft chuckled: "Well, every time he opens his



SENATOR DOUGLAS

He enlisted for the duration.

mouth he seems to provide me with material."

"But We Like Ike." At several stops along the Taft route, a plane flew overhead towing a crimson banner which said: "Welcome, Senator, but We Like Ike." The Eisenhower state headquarters insisted this was the work of an individual Ike fan, not an organization maneuver. But by this week the Eisenhower forces were beginning their maneuvers in earnest. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Ike's national campaign manager, was coming home for some speeches. Others on the speaking schedule: Representative Christian Herter, an Eisenhower candidate for delegate; Ike strategist Paul Hoffman; Minnesota's Representative Walter Judd.

Pundits making their way through Massachusetts last week were cautious about predictions. But they thought that Ike would win both the write-in preference and a majority of the delegates, thus keeping landlocked Bob Taft still blocked off from the fertile coast.

POLITICAL NOTES

Kefauver v. Taft

How would Democrat Estes Kefauver fare in a race against Republican Robert Taft for the presidency? Last week's reading by the Gallup poll: Kefauver 49% (up from 47% a month earlier), Taft 40% (down from 41%), undecided 11%.

Who's for Whom

Candidate Estes Kefauver picked up a powerful supporter: Illinois' Senator Paul Douglas, who had once suggested that both parties nominate General Eisenhower, and was himself a leading possibility for the Democratic nomination until he took himself out of the race. "I am in Kefauver's army," Douglas announced last week. "I'm enlisted for the duration."

"Some of the politicians, bureaucrats and king-makers may not like you because they know they cannot control you," Douglas wrote to Kefauver. "But the people are for you. Let the voice of the people be heard." Kefauver, campaigning in Massachusetts, gratefully replied by telephone: "Paul, bless your heart."

Other endorsements of the week:

¶ In West Germany, the conservative *Frankfurter Allgemeine* favored the election of General Eisenhower as an essential to continued U.S. efforts to strengthen European defenses. The election of Senator Taft, it said, would paralyze European initiative.

¶ Seventy-nine visiting newspaper editors in Washington were polled on their personal presidential preferences. Results: Eisenhower 31, Taft 24, Russell 7, Stevenson 4, Kefauver and Warren 3 apiece.

¶ Kathleen Norris, 71, novelist and a onetime America Firster, plunked for Taft. Said she: "Most women lean toward an isolationist policy. We feel a lot more confidence in Mr. Taft keeping us out of entangling alliances than any of the other possible candidates."

¶ Floyd B. Odium, president of Atlas Corp., chairman of Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corp. (B-36s) and for years a regular Democratic campaign contributor, came out for Ike. Among his reasons for shifting sides: "He can best give us inspiring leadership during a period when we will be needing badly both inspiration and leadership."

¶ A Hollywood group supporting Eisenhower announced that a poll of several hundred film stars, producers and other movie names showed a majority of 65% for Ike. Among his Hollywood supporters: Darryl Zanuck, Sam Goldwyn, Jack Warner, Humphrey Bogart, Marilyn Monroe.

There Ought to Be a Law

Supreme Court justices frequently interpret the Constitution, occasionally expand on it, and sometimes make a wide end run around it. Last week Associate Justices William O. Douglas and Robert H. Jackson tried something different: they wrote an opinion lobbying for an amendment to change it. In a formal dissent to a decision in the case of Alabama's

presidential electors.* Douglas and Jackson took their stand with those who want to abolish the whole antiquated system of electing the President and Vice President of the U.S. by state electoral votes, rather than by straight popular vote.

"As an institution," said the dissenting opinion, "the electoral college suffered atrophy almost indistinguishable from *rigor mortis* . . . At its best, it is a mystifying and distorting factor in presidential elections which may resolve a popular defeat into an electoral victory. At its worst, it is open to local corruption and manipulation . . . To abolish it and substitute direct election of the President . . . would seem . . . a gain for simplicity and integrity of our governmental processes."

ARMED FORCES

Trouble in the Air

First Lieut. Verne Goodwin, 30, was running a Buick agency at Las Cruces, N. Mex. when he was recalled to active duty as a pilot in the Air Force. A World War II veteran whose wife was expecting a child, he applied almost immediately for a ground job. He said that he had become afraid of flying. The Air Force turned down his request. Last December, when he was ordered to fly to England as co-pilot of a C-124 cargo plane, Goodwin refused to obey. Last week at Biggs Air Force Base, Texas, a court-martial sentenced him to two years' hard labor and ordered him cashiered.

Pilot Goodwin's story was no isolated case. At Randolph Field, Texas and Mather Field, Calif. last week, twelve other officers (navigators, bombardiers and one pilot) were also facing courts-martial for refusing to fly. At bases all over the nation scores more were flying under bitter protest.

The Stay-Downers. All of the "stay-downers," like Goodwin, are reserve officers, most of them World War II combat veterans with growing families, mortgages and civilian careers. Besides their personal problems, they complain that regular officers are hogging the soft stateside jobs while reservists go to Korea, that the planes they must fly are often poorly maintained. Flying, said one, "has developed into a poison for me." Others are simply disgusted with the Korean stalemate. Said one stay-downer: "We don't see any sense in giving our lives for a cause that even the civilians are completely apathetic toward."

The Air Force saw the whole affair in a somewhat different light. The reluctant flyers all knew that they were subject to combat duty when they chose to retain their reserve commissions—and thus draw a monthly paycheck from the Air Force, plus earning a generous Government retirement pension. Some of them came

back into service voluntarily. And most of the sit-downers seemed to get that way just as they were about to be sent to Korea.

The Pentagon's first impulse was to throw the book at them. "A tempest in a teapot," snorted Air Force Chief of Staff General Hoyt S. Vandenberg. But as the proportions of the trouble became apparent last week, Vandenberg flew out to Randolph for a first-hand checkup, ordered court martial proceedings dropped in the cases of two flyers.

Faded Glamour. The unpleasant truth seemed to be that the stay-downers were a symptom of a whole complex of problems. For one thing, flying has become so commonplace that the call of the wide blue yonder has lost some of its appeal to the nation's youth. This year, for the first time, fewer than the allowable 25% of the graduating classes at West Point and Annapolis volunteered for flying training.

Like many another U.S. defense problem, the stay-downers are also a product of the Administration's muscle-cutting policy before Korea. Lacking funds, limited in the planes it could order, the Air Force had trained only 3,620 new pilots when the war broke out. As a result, 80% of the Air Force's 46,000 pilots today are reservists. Their average age is 31 (compared with 22½ during World War II); attrition because of age, physical disability and other legitimate reasons for grounding the reserve flyers is running at more than 2,500 badly needed pilots a year.

Though the Air Force stopped involuntary recall of reservists five months ago, the U.S. will still have to depend on its World War II veterans for many months to come. Said one Air Force officer last week: "I'll bet Joe Stalin is reading the papers and laughing with glee."



PILOT GOODWIN
Symptom of a complex.

DISASTERS

Men Against the River

From Sioux City downstream 100 miles to Omaha, men fought a desperate battle against the mighty, muddy Missouri River. Like a huge inland tidal wave, 20 miles long and moving at a speed of nine miles an hour, the flood crest smashed at banks and levees, swallowed up great stretches of fertile farmland and laid siege to half-empty towns and cities, holding out behind their sandbag barricades (see NEWS IN PICTURES). The critical point last week came at the narrow channel between Omaha and Council Bluffs, where a levee and flood wall system was designed to keep the river in a course only 1,200 feet wide.

For six days and nights an army of volunteer floodfighters, under U.S. Army Engineers, swarmed to the levees to buttress their ramparts against "C-Hour" ("C" for crest). Flashboards (double wooden fences with earthen fill between) were thrown up to give the dikes more height. Trucks and bulldozers worked around the clock, pushing up secondary levees wherever the battering flood water weakened the primary wall.

At some spots the water forced its way under the levees and burst upward in erupting "sand boils." Emergency crews hurriedly closed them off and smothered them with sandbags. It was exhausting, unrelenting, muddy toil, organized with a precision and teamwork learned from years of hard experience.

C-Hour. The river rose, a brown, swirling fury in a straitjacket, pushing with enormous force at the restraining walls, threatening to saturate the levees to the point where they would disintegrate. Along the levees guarding Omaha's airfield, the flood pressed by, 15 feet higher than the runways. Some 30,000 people were evacuated from the low-lying residential districts of Council Bluffs. By car and truck the evacuees hauled off what they could, trying to decide between the television set and the washing machine. Householders filled their basements with water to equalize the river pressure and save the foundations. Gas station attendants pumped their tanks full of water to keep out the river's silt.

The crest touched 30.24 feet. Then, slowly, the waters crept back down the markers on the rivermen's gauges. But the flood, even as it fell, showed its awesome power. The suction of the receding waters pulled huge chunks of muck from the levees. On the Omaha shore, the river forced its way into sewer outlets and gushed out with enough strength to lift a truck-trailer off the street and to buckle 120 feet of concrete pavement. Army engineers quickly dropped a lattice of steel I-beams across the sewer outlets, then jammed up the barrier with sandbags by the thousands. It worked.

The Toll. Omaha and Council Bluffs were saved from devastation. Downstream lay other cities girded for the flood. The Missouri's crest would continue to inflict

* In which the majority held (5-3) that the Alabama State Democratic Executive Committee has a right to bar from the ballot any candidate for presidential elector who refuses to swear an oath to support the nominees of the Democratic National Convention.

damage on the countryside, where farmers' "private" levees could not withstand it. The Army's Chief of Engineers, Lieut. General Lewis Pick, summarized the toll exacted by the Mighty Muddy as its flood passed down river from Omaha: 37 railroads blocked, 83 main highways broken, 87,000 persons displaced, 50 cities & towns flooded, 2,000,000 farm acres swamped, 153 private levees breached—a total of \$200 million damage, which would yet go higher.

"He Tried Too Hard"

On a warm Sunday afternoon this week, word buzzed through the crowded stands at the Dayton, Ohio speedway that hard-driving Gordon Reid, 29, was a man to watch. "Flash" Reid was rated as a comer and was scheduled to drive in the Memorial Day race at Indianapolis. Fourteen thousand spectators were watching as Reid, gaining steadily, roared into third place in Dayton's ten-lap event. So, tensely, was Charlie Engle, the builder of Reid's low, powerful Engle-Stanko Special.

Suddenly, the Engle-Stanko spun wildly on the turn into the straightaway, and the right front wheel locked into the guard rail. The car rode the rail for about 100 feet, plunged under a footbridge and hurtled into a screaming group of spectators. Reid was decapitated; two spectators and a track guard were killed; 48 were hospitalized, nine of them seriously injured. Said Charlie Engle sadly: "I could see it coming. Reid was just trying too hard. That's all there is to it. He tried too hard."

Crackdown

The setting was tragically familiar. At 3:33 a.m., the pilot of a twin-engine transport plane arriving from New York radioed that he was lost in a thick haze somewhere near Los Angeles. At 3:54, as the pilot began feeling his way down through the haze, the plane caught one wing tip on the crest of a slope, and plunged into a hillside in suburban Whittier Heights. The crew of three and all 26 passengers aboard were killed. The plane was a war-surplus C-46 Curtiss Commando, operated by a non-scheduled carrier—the fourth non-scheduled C-46 to crash in four months.

In Washington, the Civil Aeronautics Administration hastily ordered the plane's operator, North Continent Airlines, to cease operations immediately. They admitted that the operators had been under investigation for a year, charged with a raft of safety violations. With a strange sense of leniency, the civil air authorities had allowed the line to stay in business pending an official hearing.

Last week's crash also precipitated action against the nation's other 51 non-scheduled operators. Washington drastically tightened up their operating regulations, e.g., tougher pilot qualifications, better maintenance. In view of the fact that the non-skeds carried 586,952 passengers in 1951 alone, the crackdown was plainly long overdue.



CONVICT WARD & HOSTAGE
After a threat, a flying wedge.

PRISONS

Riot in the Big House

In the heart of Trenton's south-side industrial district stands New Jersey's prison for the state's toughest criminals—a block of ancient, dilapidated buildings crowded inside a 20-ft. red stone wall. It has long been a smoldering trouble spot, as well as an eyesore, in Trenton (pop. 128,000). Last week, for the third time in less than a month, the trouble spot burst into revolt. Just before the noon meal 69 convicts rioted, grabbed four hostages and barricaded themselves in the prison print shop.

There was no attempt at escape. Instead, the mutineers (led by August Doak, a kidnaper and reportedly a former member of Detroit's notorious Purple Gang, and William Dickens, a robber and alumnus of Sing Sing) settled down with cards and dominoes, chocolates, crackers and coffee (from a secretly hoarded supply), and worried about how the Yankees were doing. Through an open window, Ring-leader Dickens presented the rioters' demands. "We're not asking for no hotel," he said. But the convicts wanted a full investigation of prison food and the prisoners' complaints of brutal treatment. Fearful for the safety of the hostages, officials decided to wait for hunger and thirst to break the revolt.

Shambles at the Farm. Two days later the revolt spread 37 miles north to Rahway State Prison Farm, a converted reformatory holding an overflow of lesser toughs from the Trenton prison. At Rahway the

riot was bigger, and wilder. Eighteen guards were on duty in the wing of one dormitory where the trouble started. As the convicts began rioting, tearing bedding and overturning steel bunks, guards on the first floor got out, herding 75 prisoners ahead of them. Nine other guards were grabbed as hostages by 231 convicts, who barricaded themselves on the second floor.

The dormitory was turned to a shambles. The convicts piled huge stacks of bedding on the dormitory floor and set fire to them. The flames soon smoldered out. They hooted and jeered at the heavily armed guards and state troopers quickly assembled in the prison yard below. The Rahway rioters dramatized their grievances by posting them on crudely lettered bed-sheets hung from the dormitory windows: "Stop Beating Cons." "We Want a New Parole Board." "Tell the Truth—We Have Radios."^{*}

Message from the Window. As the hours dragged by, the rioters quieted. Food and water supplies at both Trenton and Rahway gave out. The men drained stale water from fire hoses, broke radiators to draw off their rusty water. On the third day at Trenton, officials agreed to an investigation by the Osborne Association, a private organization interested in prison welfare. The next morning, after 77 hours of siege, the Trenton convicts gave up.

At Rahway, the convicts, leaderless and disorganized, held on. But the end was foreshadowed by another bedsheet hung from a window. It bore a plaintive, one-word message: "Water."

News of the New Jersey prison revolts spread quickly through prisons around the country, increasing tension everywhere. This week Southern Michigan State Prison at Jackson, 75 miles west of Detroit, exploded. Almost 200 of the prison's toughest convicts went wild in a disciplinary isolation block. Holding four guards as hostages, they wrecked their cell block, smashing everything in sight. Then, led by a robber named "Crazy" Jack Hyatt and an auto thief named Earl Ward, the rioting cons forced their way into other sections of the prison. They captured six more guards, swelled their forces to more than 2,500 with other released prisoners, some from hospital wards for the mentally dangerous.

Seizing control of half the prison yard and adjoining buildings, they burned down the laundry building, set fires in three others. Guards and state police surrounded the rioters with machine guns and shotguns. Shouting defiance across the prison yard, Ward held a knife at a guard's back as Crazy Jack warned: "We'll toss out a dead hostage if you start shooting." But as flying wedges of guards and troopers moved in, one convict was killed and eight others wounded under orders to shoot to kill if necessary.

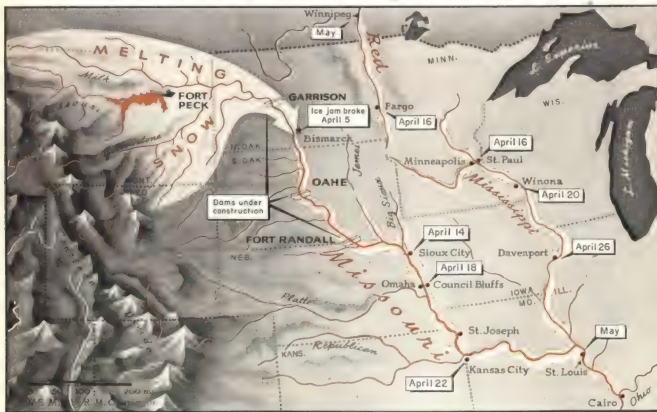
* The "radios" were crystal sets fashioned from bits of wire, smuggled crystals and makeshift diaphragms. Though primitive, the sets easily picked up broadcasts from a nearby transmitter tower of Manhattan's station WOR.

NEWS IN PICTURES



MIDWEST DISASTER: President Truman (with Montana's Senator Murray) gets bird's-eye view of the flood-swept Missouri Valley.

Completion of entire flood-control (and power) project, including three main dams under construction (see map), will cost \$9 billion.





NEBRASKA-IOWA FARMLANDS above Omaha were flooded for miles beyond "Big Muddy" banks as river reached record 30-ft. crest,

soaked 2,000,000 acres, made 87,000 homeless and caused \$200 million damage. Heavy rains increased the threat to downriver cities.

United Press

WAR IN ASIA

STRATEGY

The Reason

Why has no truce agreement been reached in Korea? Beneath the weird and interminable welter of words at Panmunjom, the reason is plain even to the newest soldier on the front.

When the truce talks got under way last July, the U.N. knew what brought the Reds to the conference table: they were suffering heavy losses on the battlefield and they faced the prospect of defeat. U.N. spokesmen said insistently that only by continued pressure could the Reds be brought to sign an armistice. But U.N. strategists lost sight of that fact.

Last summer the Communists set out to test U.N. determination by breaking off the talks for two months. The result was to bring Matt Ridgway's army down on them with almost as much weight as before, and the Reds came meekly back to the table and gave up their demand for a truce line on the 38th parallel. Washington might have learned a lesson. Instead, it all but stopped the pressure. U.N. settled down to a wait & see campaign. Casualties fell off, but over the past ten weeks the U.S. has still suffered a weekly average loss of 60-plus killed, 140-plus wounded. The cost of the war went on at roughly \$5 billion a year.

Since the lull on the battlefield, the Red negotiators have been wholly intractable. The U.N. has no policy except to try to wear down the Reds at the conference table. In the game of waiting, the U.N. is up against the champs. Once, the U.N. had the advantage in Korea; now it has got into a contest in which the advantage is with the enemy.

COMMAND

Tough Old Bird

While waging a successful war against the Communist guerrillas in Greece in 1948, General James Alward Van Fleet also found time to win the friendship of the Greek people. Last week, one year after he had taken over the Korean command from General Ridgway, it was evident that the Korean people have taken to Van Fleet's simple friendliness—and military bluntness—as eagerly as did the Greeks. On the anniversary, some 40,000 drizzle-soaked Koreans lined Seoul's shell-cratered streets, waving flags and shouting "Long live Van Fleet!" as the general passed by in an open jeep. Beaming, Van Fleet accepted a small Korean flag from a school child in the crowd, rode the remainder of the route waving the flag. At a reception, President Syngman Rhee presented Van Fleet with a poem he had written. Excerpts:

"When our peninsula was in distress, the general came 10,000 miles to help us . . . One person is riding above the white clouds, while 10,000 nations are in flames. His battlegrounds, where hundreds of battles have been fought and won, are Europe in the West and Asia in the East . . ."

Later, Van Fleet visited Greek soldiers celebrating their Easter on the front, joined in the old Greek Easter custom of cracking eggs. Van Fleet's egg outlasted all others, which means good fortune.

The report that his son was missing in action (TIME, April 14) had hit Van Fleet hard. But at 60, the general shows only a few more grey hairs and wrinkles than he did a year ago. Said one staff officer: "The old boy is still a tough old bird."

BATTLE OF INDO-CHINA

"Everything for the Army"

Among the French B-26 pilots who bombed German supply lines from North Africa in World War II was a tall slender officer with an Oriental cast to his handsome features. Born in Indo-China, where his father was a high official, and educated in France, Captain Nguyen Van Hinh served France so well that by 1947 he was in command of an air group. In 1949, when the war against the Viet Minh Communists began to get hot, Nguyen Van Hinh's group was sent to Indo-China. Nguyen Van Hinh and his pilots took old Junkers 52 bombers on raids across the Tonkin Mountains. Soon Nguyen Van Hinh was a bigwig in the French Far East Air Command, a leading member of Chief of State Bao Dai's military cabinet, and something of a national hero. Last week 36-year-old Nguyen Van Hinh, now a brigadier general, was preparing to take command of Viet Nam's first native army.

The job is no sinecure. Nguyen Van Hinh's 120,000-man army, half regulars and half draftees, has only 560 lieutenants and sublieutenants, 76 majors and captains, four colonels. While Viet Nam officer schools, manned by nearly 4,000 French military instructors, are turning out more than 100 officer candidates every month, the army is still short on training, combat experience and equipment. There are enough U.S. Garands to equip 20 divisions; otherwise, except for some U.S. artillery and transport, the weapons are French and outdated. Nguyen Van Hinh's biggest problem: to get money to pay his soldiers and buy new equipment. In this department he has the solid support of his father, Nguyen Van Tam, now Minister of Interior, sometimes called Indo-China's strong man, and of the Viet Nam government, which has pledged 40% of its budget to build an independent Viet Nam defense force. Says President Tran Van Huu: "Everything for the army now."

THE ENEMY

The Prisoners

For nearly two years, the U.S. State Department has kept quiet about Americans in China, tried discreetly to help get them out. Last week, having failed, State publicly told the score (but refused to say how it got its information). There are about 215 Americans known to be in China. Of them, 42 are in jail, 20 under "house arrest." Of the prisoners, 46 are missionaries and clerics of various faiths, including one Roman Catholic bishop; four are businessmen; three are students; two are teachers; one is an attorney; one is an airline employee. Four of the Americans are detained with their wives. So far, no Americans are known to have been executed, but one died in jail and two others shortly after their release.



Associated Press

VAN FLEET IN SEOUL
Above the white clouds.

NATO

Guarantee for Europe

Great Britain, long accused of retarding the birth of the European Army by its refusal to participate, gave the project a hearty boost last week. Whitehall announced that Britain would sign a treaty guaranteeing to provide "all the military and other aid and assistance in its power" to any of the six European Army nations if attacked by an enemy. The pact will make Britons and Germans formal allies for the first time since the Napoleonic era.

The move is chiefly psychological. Britain is already committed to the defense of the six nations under the North Atlantic Treaty and other partner agreements. Nevertheless, it should help soothe continental fears that Britain might hang back in case of trouble.

But the French are still not satisfied. Now they want both Britain and the U.S. to give firm guarantees that they will intervene if some day one of the European Army's members (i.e., Germany) should feel strong enough to pull out. This would in fact mean a new alliance-within-an-alliance aimed against one specific ally. The U.S. and Britain will not buy this irresponsible scheme, will merely issue a declaration to the effect that they hope everybody is going to stay in.

UNITED NATIONS

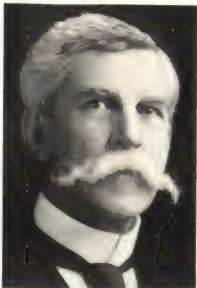
Holmes's Latest Case

An eminent jurist and certified American hero, Oliver Wendell Holmes, dead these 17 years, came down from Olympus last week to decide one more case.

The case had been argued for two weeks in the new, expensively ugly chamber of the U.N. Security Council overlooking Manhattan's East River. Pakistan's Ahmed S. Bokhari spoke for eleven countries of the Middle and Far East. "The whole of Asia practically knocks at the door of the U.N.," he cried. "... It merely says one thing: 'Please, in heaven's name discuss this question . . . If [you turn us away] it will amount to [saying], 'You can go to hell.'"

The "question" was the simmering trouble in Tunisia, where 3,000,000 Arabs are trying to break French colonial rule and get a greater measure of self-government (TIME, April 7). The answer to Bokhari's plea lay with the U.S., long the champion of the principle that any complaint, even if absurd, should at least get a preliminary hearing in U.N. With U.S. approval, the Tunisian complaint would go on the agenda. If the U.S. voted no or abstained, the door would be closed.

Delegate Ernest Gross gave the U.S. answer. "I have been instructed," said he with embarrassment, "to abstain." Britain and France voted against the Tunisian plea; Soviet Russia, playing to the hilt its role as the champion of the downtrodden colonials, voted for.



MR. JUSTICE HOLMES
On a one-way street.

Later, in his best legalistic manner, Secretary of State Dean Acheson explained the U.S. position. It was not a question of whether or not free discussion was in itself good, he said, but of whether at this time it would help settle the trouble. Quoting the man from whom he has drawn much of his philosophy, Dean Acheson added: "I think what we must always have in mind is Judge Holmes's famous statement that general principles do not decide concrete cases."

How did this piece of Holmesian expediency look to millions in Africa, the Middle East and Asia who have never heard of Mr. Justice Holmes, but who expect moral leadership from the U.S.? Said Pakistan's Bokhari: "With regard to free discussion, I do not believe that any country in the world has a more honorable record than the U.S. [But its] reversal today will be very hard to explain . . . It would almost look as though the U.S. had made up its mind to do a quick U-turn in a one-way street. What the consequences will be I cannot imagine."

THE NATIONS

New Booster

Old Joe Stalin, Communist, suddenly sounded for all the world like Old George Babbitt, Hustler.

Steaks & Chambermaids. "Russia is a wonderful place," chirped Jack Stanley, general secretary of Britain's Constructional Engineering Union. No Communist, he was just back in Britain from the Moscow Economic Conference (TIME, April 14). "Of course I only got to see 30 miles of it around Moscow, but what I saw impressed me tremendously. Yes, tremendously. They put us up in the new Hotel

Sovietskaya, the finest hotel I've ever seen—better than anything in Britain. All I had to do was ring the buzzer, and they'd bring me anything I wanted—anything, they said. And what food! Russian breakfasts are the biggest I've ever seen. They served me four eggs for breakfast every day. The menu had 200 dishes. I had a steak almost every day."

Stanley's fellow delegates—both unionists and businessmen—told about much the same experiences: the unceasing flow of whisky, wine and Georgian champagne, hotel suites fitted with pianos, flowers and beautiful chambermaids. They were as naively fascinated with Russia's business offers as Stanley was with his steaks. Many swallowed the line that Stalin was just a go-getter eager for a little trade.

Jack Perry, London manufacturer of ladies' ready-to-wear, reported excitedly: "A new big market for textiles is now open to us in Russia!" He told about unofficial trade "agreements" (actually only letters of intent) for \$85 million in British goods. "I'm flying back to arrange the contracts . . . When they're signed, trade should begin to flow almost immediately." The Russians, said Perry with an air of discovery, want men's suits, women's dresses. Nearly a thousand British textile manufacturers—who are suffering a serious depression—called Perry, panting to do business with Russia.

On his way home from the conference, a Chicago businessman told of more Stalinist boosting to come: Moscow will set up a permanent committee to keep in touch with businessmen in all countries—"something like Rotary International."

Fish & Olive Oil. Iron Curtain diplomats in London have been telling the British for months that the only solution for their economic plight is to cut loose from the U.S. and trade with Russia. The British government and many Britons know that this is a trap, but there are plenty of people (notably Aneurin Bevan's followers) who are willing to listen. It is the same in the rest of Western Europe, where growing islands of unemployment have appeared in recent months. Owners of processing plants in Antwerp, fisheries in Trondheim, boiler works in Lille, olive groves in Tuscany, all cocked an ear to Moscow. In West Germany's Bundestag, the Foreign Affairs Committee demanded an end of curbs on trade with the East "as far as security permits."

Russia's business blandishments would be far less dangerous if the U.S.'s own shortsighted high tariff policy—which keeps more & more European industries from trade with the U.S.—were not helping to drive European business into Eastern arms (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

Moscow's business offensive, together with its offer to unite and rearm Germany (TIME, March 24 *et seq.*), has won Hustler Joe a lot of new friends in Western Europe. The U.S. so far has not seemed able to do much about it.

SOUTH AFRICA

Rising Opposition

For two uneasy weeks, white South Africans had tried not to notice the ugly constitutional squabble between Prime Minister Daniel Malan and South Africa's Supreme Court (TIME, March 31 *et seq.*). While the country celebrated the 300th anniversary of the landing at Cape Town of South Africa's first white settlers, government and opposition kept political truce. Last week the truce was over.

In Cape Town's Victorian Parliament building, Malan's noisy Nationalists shouted for legislation to overrule the court, which had declared one of Malan's Jim Crow laws unconstitutional. The opposition vowed to defend the court, if necessary by force. "You are breakers of the law," cried Opposition Leader Jacobus Gideon Strauss. "You will lead the country to revolution and anarchy."

Nationalists jeered. To the opposition's cry, "Go to the country" (*i.e.*, call an election), they replied with insults. "Go back to Palestine," sneered a Nationalist backbencher at United Party Member Dr. Bernard Friedman. "Afrikaners have fed the Jews until they are fat, but the Jews repay us by biting the hand that feeds them."

Nationalist vulgarity coupled with Strauss's new boldness strengthened the opposition. Quavery old John Christie, 60, longtime leader of South Africa's small but powerful Labor Party, left his bed in a nursing home to be present at the debate. He struggled to his feet, shaking a gnarled fist at Malan. "If it's the last thing I do," he rasped, "I'll fight the wicked proposals of this government."

Outside Parliament, too, opposition strength grew. From Major Louis Kane-Berner, national chairman of the opposition Torch Commando, came a stirring telegram: "Fight on your feet or live on your knees." Strauss's reply: "We'll fight like tigers." At Cape Town's City Hall, he told a cheering crowd that his United Party had formed a single "democratic front" with Torch Commando and the Labor Party. Then he issued an ultimatum: "If the government creates anarchy [by ignoring the court], the people will meet force with force."

GREAT BRITAIN

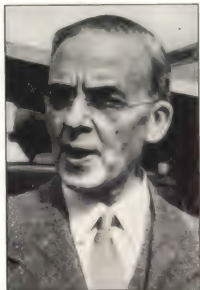
Death of a Paradox

One day in the 1930s, the owner of a big Welsh coal company in Cardiff dropped in at the office of Britain's highest-paid corporation lawyer, to pay him for winning a big case for the company. The fee was 2,000 guineas (\$10,000). Unblinkingly, the capitalist started to write a check, but the lawyer interrupted. "Don't bother to make it out to me," said Sir Stafford Cripps, "just make it payable to the Cardiff Labor Party."

Key Hero. In Stafford Cripps, paradox was at home. He was a millionaire de-

scended from a long line of rich country squires, but he was born with a silver Fabian slogan in his mouth. His aunt & uncle were Fabianism itself—Sidney and Beatrice Webb. He believed first in God ("Frame our judgments . . . upon the basis of what we most truly and honestly believe to be God's will"). Second, he believed in Socialism.

The Laborites who came up from the union ranks, like Ernest Bevin, or through local politics, like Clement Attlee, often feared and fought him; once they exiled him from the party for six years because the well-born intellectual continually leaned further left than his working-class colleagues. But they probably would never have carried their party to power without



SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS
In chilly solitude.

the tall (6 ft.), ascetic intellectual from the Cotswolds who ate nothing but nuts, raw fruits and vegetables (because of colitis picked up when he was an ambulance driver in World War I), preached from the pulpits of his beloved Anglican Church, and stoked the fires of British Socialism with a passion like dry ice.

"There, but for the grace of God," Churchill once grumbled after Cripps, "goes God." But during World War II Churchill found him indispensable, swallowed his irritation over Cripps's unshakable confidence that he knew what was right for everyone. Said Churchill after Socialism came to power: "It is a relief to know there is at least one first-class mind brooding in chilly solitude upon our affairs."

Mr. Austerity. By then, Stafford Cripps was in a way the most powerful man in Britain. As Chancellor of the Exchequer and Minister for Economic Affairs, he ruled the cupboard, stomach and

pocketbook of every Briton. Prim and trim, he peered coldly through half-moon glasses, wore a smile that looked like the result of a bite from a persimmon, seemed always to be telling fuel-short Britons to take cold baths (as he had done every day for years). He was Mr. Austerity. Actually, Stafford Cripps was affable, friendly, generous. Britons knew he was doing a grim job that had to be done. He checked inflation, cut back the dollar expenditures of Britain and her dominions, devalued the pound, launched an economic life-saving program which, though it has not yet succeeded, is still basically the one by which Britain is hoping to survive.

He was talked of as a future Prime Minister. But in years of trying to keep up with a mind that never tired, Stafford Cripps's frail body broke. He came down with tuberculosis of the spine and another ailment that his doctors described only as "rare and dangerous." In 1950 he retired to a sanatorium in the Swiss Alps. There, racked with pain, he waited, cool as always, for death. Last week, three days before Stafford Cripps's 63rd birthday, it came.

THE NETHERLANDS

The Buccaneer

A score of Dutch policemen surrounded a baronial house near Amsterdam before dawn one day last week, while seven others, led by Amsterdam Police Chief Jeremias Posthuma, knocked on the front door. The master of the manor, Count van Rechteren Limpurg, appeared. "We have come for Westerling," announced Chief Posthuma. "My guest left last night," said the count icily. The chief and his men went inside to see for themselves.

After poking into corners, crawling under beds and tapping walls, the police were just about ready to leave when one of them found that a guest-room bed, while neatly made, was warm between the sheets. The room's carpet was loose in one corner. The cops pulled it up, yanked away some loose planking. There, in a two-foot-deep nook, lay a burly man dressed only in his underwear. "The jig's up," said he calmly. "I knew you were bound to find me some day."

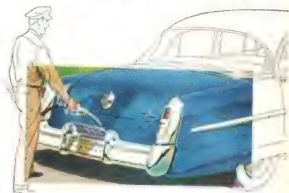
Turk's Private War. The cops pulled their prey into daylight and eyed him warily. "Have you a gun?" one asked. The man coyly examined himself, peeked inside his undershirt with a smile. "No," he said. The cops let their man dress and breakfast on ham & eggs, then carted him off triumphantly to Amsterdam. At last they had captured the notorious Captain Raymond ("Turk") Westerling, international buccaner and soldier of misfortune.

For nearly two years Turk Westerling had been a fugitive from his own countrymen, and from the Indonesian Republic—wanted by both for homicide and other crimes committed in Indonesia after the islands won their independence from The

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Netherlands. A burly, moonfaced lone wolf who was born in Istanbul 32 years ago of a Dutch father and Greek mother, he served in World War II with the Australians in North Africa, and as one of Lord Mountbatten's bodyguards in Asia; he became a Moslem, twice made the pilgrimage to Mecca. When the Dutch gave up their effort to hold on to Indonesia in 1950, Turk didn't. He organized a private guerrilla army of some 10,000 East Indies Moslems and Dutch deserters, terrorized a large area of West Java before the young Indonesian Republicans checked his army, "The Heavenly Host."

He batted around the world, dodging extradition to Indonesia, and in 1950 he found grudging asylum in Brussels. There, never rich enough to give up dreaming of wealth and new adventures but never quite poor enough to feel obliged to take a job, he flirted with new schemes of an uprising in the Indies. He sent his wife and three children back to The Netherlands, and recently crossed the border himself to visit them and some friends. It was on that expedition last week that Amsterdam police caught him.

Back to the Dishes. In Amsterdam the day after his capture, Turk Westering appeared before Magistrate Johannes Knotenbelt, apparently quite resigned to a stretch in prison. The magistrate blandly ruled that there were no grounds for holding Turk Westering, and freed him on his promise to the cops that he would not go back into hiding. The Netherlands' Minister of Justice promptly protested the ruling. But with police trailing him at a discreet distance, the buccanner swaggered to freedom—at least for the present.

"I have nothing but praise for the police," said he. "They were quite sporting." As for his future, he will soon publish his autobiography, and he dreams of a big farm with lots of cattle. Tidy Mrs. Westering has more immediate plans. "Now he can come home," she said, "and help with the washing up."

FRANCE

Reckoning

In 1944, with Nazi power crumbling, angry Frenchmen meted out Tommy-gun justice to suspected collaborators. France never announced how many people were killed in those bloody days. This month, the government produced the score: 10,522 Frenchmen were killed in "irregular executions"; only 846 collaborators were executed by the lawful courts.

SPAIN

Importance of Being Important

Francisco Franco hates being treated by the Western powers merely as a black-sheep relation who regrettably holds title to a strategic piece of real estate. Last week he was in the midst of a diplomatic offensive to prove that Spain is a valuable and desirable partner for the West.

¶ Foreign Minister Martin Artajo and a team of 20 diplomats (including Spain's

Lieut. General Mohammed Ben el Mizian, a devout Moslem) were off on a tour of the Middle East. Their mission: to sell the Moslem states on the idea that Spain, with her ancient cultural ties to Islam, is the natural intermediary between the Middle East and the Western powers. Artajo told leaders that nationalist unrest is just playing into the hands of the Russians. Results so far are meager, but if Franco's missionaries win Moslem converts, the troubled West may be grateful to Madrid. Star of the traveling troupe: Franco's only daughter, pretty, strong-willed Marquesa Carmencita de Villaverde, who received medals, teetered over Jerusalem's cobblestones in high-heeled shoes, and inaugurated the first direct Beirut-Madrid phone linkup by chatting for 20 minutes with dad.

¶ In the remote little town of Ciudad Rodrigo, near the Spanish-Portuguese

IRON CURTAIN

Travelers

The grim tourist traffic between the free world and the Communist world was in full swing.

¶ Bug-eyed Vladimir Prochaska, who arrived in Washington as Czech Ambassador last August, got bawled out by President Truman* and vanished three months later. He was reported back in Prague and in jail. Comrade Prochaska, loyal party member since 1923, seemed to be a victim of guilt by association: his brother, Jaroslav, former chief of the Czech general staff, is suspected of treason.

¶ Private Robert Natskakula, U.S.A., who deserted to Berlin's East sector two years ago just as he was about to be shipped home as "undesirable," walked into the Army C.I.D. office, flanked by three tough civilians. Good guess: Natskakula had



SALAZAR & FRANCO
Also, urgent mayoralty business.

United Press

border, Franco talked for two days with Portuguese Dictator Antonio de Salazar, emerged with a mutual declaration that the two countries consider the Iberian Peninsula "a strategic unity." In other words, Portugal, a NATO member, is telling the West that it cannot play its full part in West European defense without Spain.

Francisco's bid for Western good will hit one snag. From New York's Mayor Vincent Impellitteri went an urgent cable to Madrid's Mayor José Moreno Torres, withdrawing an earlier invitation to visit New York City next month. Local labor union leaders who rate Franco as a fascist and union-buster had threatened to call demonstrations. Mayor Torres manfully accepted the dis-invitation but added acridly: "When I invite someone to my home for dinner, I first make sure I have enough food and a place at the table for him."

been decoyed back into the Western zone, then grabbed by Army intelligence operatives. He was whisked through a U.S. court-martial, which sentenced him to a year and a half in jail and dishonorable discharge. While in East Berlin, Deserter Natskakula had starred briefly as a noble "peace fighter" who couldn't stand U.S. warmongering.

¶ British Private Dennis Eggleton, who deserted to the Soviet four years ago, returned to Berlin, gave himself up. He brought back a report that the Russians had established a "deserters' village" at Bautzen near the Czech-Polish border. There, said Eggleton, U.S., British and French deserters live in good apartments given them on Russian orders, get papers certifying that they are stateless, in turn

* The President implied to Prochaska that the Communists had murdered Jan Masaryk, asked for the release of U.S. Newsmen William Oatis.

are made to sign statements saying that they are leading happy lives. Unhappy Deserter Eggleton went off to jail.

Yugoslav Tennis Stars Milan Brancovic and Dragutin Mitic, playing in the International Tennis championships in Rome, announced that they would not go back home. Four other self-exiles from Red Europe competed in the tournament.

Belgrade lawyer Nikola Mrvojevic and five confederates brandished two revolvers and a knife on a plane from Belgrade for Ljubljana, forced the pilot to head for Graz, in the British zone of Austria. In Graz, Mrvojevic asked political asylum. In his coat lining, the lawyer carried Maria Theresa dollars, gold napoleons.

Ten Yugoslavs tried to flee to Paris via the Orient Express. Carrying bread, jugs of water, and pills to stifle coughing, they sealed themselves in the metal battery boxes slung under the cars of the once-famed luxury train, but were caught by

frontier guards near Trieste. The government charged that the fugitives were members of a subversive, anti-Tito movement, but in court last week the defendants denied it. Said one, a 21-year-old blonde: she wanted to go to Paris because she was in love with a student who always traveled the battery-box route. Said another, a 26-year-old poet without a publisher: he wanted to see the world, including the flea circus in New York. "Fleas?" queried the judge, "we have them here." "Yes," replied the poet, "but these are trained."

GERMANY

Guns or Brooms?

The U.S. Army was having servant trouble. High Commissioner John J. McCloy and the State Department have long wanted the Army to give up the 24,000 German servants who cook and scrub for the families of officers and noncoms in the

occupation forces—with their wages paid by Germany. The Army would not hear of it. U.S. officers' and men's wives might have to do menial work, and that would have an "unfortunate effect on prestige and morale." Moreover, explained the Army solemnly, wives in outlying areas often have to travel 50 miles to buy groceries at PXs and, without servants to stay home and guard the houses, burglaries would skyrocket.

The Army retired slowly from one argument to another. Last week, hoarse and out-talked, it capitulated. The Army surrendered not only its free servants, but its plush special vacation trains, and its right to virtually free rides (10% of the standard fare) on German trains. Savings to the Bonn government (and indirectly to U.S. taxpayers who support the Bonn economy): \$11 million on the servants, another \$17 million on the trains.

Germans, who are being asked to raise

STRANGLER CITY

From Jerusalem, TIME Correspondent James Bell cabled:

JERUSALEM, holy city of three great religions, is dying from strangulation. The rope around its neck is the barbed wire which separates Jew from Arab, the New City from the Old.

Before the Arab-Israel war of 1948-49, Jerusalem was a thriving community of nearly a quarter of a million people. Today, divided between Israel and Jordan, after three years of "armistice" without real peace, it is a 1,650-sq. mi. economic wilderness. Blocked gates, streets dead-ended by dragons teeth and rusting barbed wire, roadblocks and ruins divide the two cities, which for economic well-being must be one. On the Arab side, 100,000 people live without money to buy plentiful goods. On the Jewish side, somewhere between 110,000 and 140,000 people live with money but no goods to buy. The people watch each other uneasily. The wife of Jacob Meyerbaum and the wife of Ahmed Abu Mohammed hang the morning's washing out on lines which are separated by only a few yards. Then they return to equally empty kitchens.

Palestinian Prison. Business on both sides of this divided city is almost dead. The proprietor of Bulos' souvenir shop just inside Jaffa Gate in the Arab section surveyed his empty store and the empty street leading to the gate where Arab Legionnaires, checked kaffiyehs on their heads, blocked the way. "Before the war," he said, "at this time of the morning the street would be jammed with tourists from the King David Hotel. By Sunday night the counters would be empty and the cash register full of those beautiful old Palestinian pounds. Today I've got a store full of goods, one clerk who has nothing to do but talk politics with his cousin—and the cash register hasn't got a dozen Jordanian dinars in it."

Some Arabs talk hopefully of internationalizing the Holy City as called for by the U.N.'s Nov. 29, 1947 resolution. But most doubt it will come about. "The resolution will never be enforced," said a Christian Arab, "because the big powers don't care about it. But even if the U.N. fulfilled its word, the two governments which now divide Jerusalem would fight it. The Israelis surround us on three sides and the Jordanians block us off on the fourth. We are in a prison."

The Palestinian is a lonely man who hates the Jordan government which took over his country against his will. He also despises the U.S. and Great Britain, on whom he places the major blame for his plight. He particularly hates Harry Truman and hopes that General Eisenhower will be elected and that he will change U.S. policy on the Israeli-Arab problem. The British whisper that Britain did everything it could to protect the Arabs against the U.S.'s mad determination to

create the state of Israel. The burden of hate is shifting more & more to the Americans. And the U.S. does nothing to answer the accusations.

Communism Gains. There is a great deal of grumbling about the way U.S. Point Four aid is being handled. For instance, a \$1,200,000 emergency shipment of U.S. wheat was stopped short at Amman, and never found its way across the Jordan River for distribution to the needy in Jerusalem. The reason: Jordan, quite suddenly, discovered that she had a bumper wheat crop coming up, and that this foreign wheat, which had been sought to avert serious famine, would drive prices down. In the meantime, Jerusalem has almost no wheat, and bread is short.

The atmosphere in the bars and coffee houses reminds me of the early 1930s in the U.S. when jobless men sat around all day with nothing to do except feel sorry for themselves. The men of Jerusalem don't know where to go, which way to turn. There are no leaders, no men with messages. Even the evil former Grand Mufti has lost a substantial part of his following, because he no longer does anything, no longer sends his devoted followers money.

The Communist Party is growing stronger. Though outlawed in Jordan, it is very active underground, and you hear the Commie line in every coffee house and bar. Directed from Haifa in Israel (where it is legal), the party has mobile printing presses which flood the countryside with literature. Normally, the Jerusalem Palestinian is not the sort who would be a Communist. But he has not had any work for three years. His properties in the New City are now in the hands of the Israelis. He is desperate. Arab Jerusalem is one of the three most fertile fields for Communism in the Middle East today (the others: Teheran and Cairo).

New Race of Wanderers. In Jerusalem today you see oldsters and middle-aged men, but few vigorous, ambitious educated men in their 20s. The reason is simple. Those who can are getting out. They are working all over the Arab world as teachers or junior staffers in oil companies. One sees them in Syria, Iraq, and up & down the length of the Persian Gulf, sad, lonely for the lovely hills of Judea. They are a new race of wanderers from the Holy Land.

I mentioned the declining number of young men in Jerusalem to one of Palestine's greatest jurists the other night. He nodded sadly and said: "Yes. Our people are disintegrating. The young ones, the strong ones are all going away. The ones we must count on in the future will not be here when we need them. But could you tell them not to go? What is there for them here?"



How to feel like spring all summer

This young executive is going to feel like spring all summer. His suit—the Viracle—is the most notable development in tropicals in a decade. Last year a limited number were made up for testing. The men who bought them reported enthusiastically that they had never worn anything like Viracle.

When you buy a Viracle suit you benefit from the collaboration of three outstanding organizations—the fabric is a blend of Du Pont "Dacron" and wool—loomed by Milliken—expertly tailored by Hart Schaffner & Marx. The performance of the suit will amaze you.

1. It takes hard wear and asks no pampering. 2. It is smart, well fitting, businesslike. 3. Needs less pressing and resists wrinkling. 4. The lightest of tropicals, it is porous, cool. 5. At 8 p. m. it is just as flattering as at 8 a. m.



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In Canada for Men, Scott-McHale

an army of twelve divisions for Western Europe's defense, would no longer have to pay for their conquerors' comfort. Said a U.S. State Department official: "It is a question of Army maids or German soldiers to help defend the West."

THE PHILIPPINES

Mr. & Mrs.

In Luzon's jagged Sierra Madre mountains one day last week, a Philippine army patrol scattered a small party of Huk guerrillas. Over the barking rifles a woman's voice cried: "I surrender! I am Celia Mariano, wife of William Pomeroy." Out of the bushes came a frightened, tired woman, long, raven-black hair falling over her bruised face, her bare feet bleeding. When the Philippine army captured her husband, U.S.-born Huk Leader William Pomeroy (TIME, April 21), she had leaped out of a window and fled into the mountains with two Huk women and two male Huk bodyguards.

Brought up in Manila slums, Celia Mariano took a B.S. degree with honors at the University of the Philippines. In April 1940 she joined a Communist cell in Manila, later took part in the Huk anti-Japanese resistance movement. After she married Pomeroy, an ex-G.I., in 1948, they jointly taught the Huk revolutionary tactics at the Huk's "Stalin Universities."

After her capture last week, she was allowed a few minutes with her husband: locked in his arms, Celia Pomeroy wept. Then she was taken to jail to await trial, like her husband. The woman who a few hours before had cried "I surrender," now fiercely declared: "The Huks and their leaders will never surrender!"

JAPAN

Pickpocket's Pickpocket

Like most hunters of skill and experience, tiny, deft-fingered Police Inspector Shimpachi Utsugi recalls his triumphs with nostalgic respect for his quarry. "In the old days," says Utsugi of the time when he first joined the imperial police force, "Japan's pickpockets were proud professional men who would never stoop to employ such tactics as cutting garments with a knife." They plied their trade with stealth, skill and subtlety, and to combat them, the young detective matched skill with skill and stealth with stealth. He soon became as good a pickpocket as the pickpockets. On busy days, like those in the annual flower-viewing season, when the public wandered among spring blossoms, careless of material treasures, Utsugi handled minor felonies by simply picking the pockets of the thieves and returning the loot unnoticed to the pockets of the victims.

Sometimes Utsugi found it necessary to introduce the sordid business of jail. At one flower-viewing he nabbed a thief who had filched a pair of ladies' bloomers, and hauled the miscreant off to headquarters. All in all, he captured close to 3,000 Nip dips, including the acknowledged master of them all, Ito Tamotsu. These in-



Associated Press

CELIA & WILLIAM POMEROY

Out of the bushes, a frightened woman.

cidents were usually conducted in a spirit of professional courtesy. "Ah, Tamotsu," said Utsugi when he copped the notorious Ito with his hand in an alien pocket for perhaps the 19th time, "I have caught you once again." "So you have," acknowledged Tamotsu with a low bow. "So you have. So sorry to be of trouble."

Last week, at 82, Pickpocket Tamotsu was back in the streets of Tokyo, presumably still plying his trade, but his old adversary was no longer on his track. After 40 years on the force, 68-year-old Inspector Utsugi had retired. "I shall probably meet Tamotsu again one day," he sighed, "and I shall say: 'Are you behaving yourself?' He will answer: 'Ah, yes, I am just taking the air.'"

Utsugi smiled and added a little sadly: "And I shall believe him."



Key Takeishi

POLICE INSPECTOR UTSUGI

Amid the flowers, a pair of bloomers.



Lifeline

This is where it goes. To this scorched and battered hole it brings the miraculous, life-giving drops that rob death of one more mother's son.

It started—where? In a New England mill town, perhaps. Or a port city on the Gulf. Or a village deep in the midwestern prairie. He will never know—this boy whose life it saves.

But he will know forever that somewhere in the great heartland of America someone thought of him, and gave that he might live.

Now . . . who will tell him the other side of the story? Would you care to tell this boy and his comrades their life line is running dry?

The fact is, today's needs are many times greater than available reserves—reserves which must keep pace with the growing strength of our armed forces if the appeal for blood is to be met adequately. It's as plain as that.

Science and medicine perform miracles . . . but miracles cease when charity fails.

No longer is this a job for the thoughtful few. It is a job now for every single one of us. Get in touch with your local chapter of the Red Cross *now*. Give your share . . . *now*.

Together, with the help of God, we can keep the life line *running*.

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HIGH LIFE

The Champagne of Beers



THE HEMISPHERE

BOLIVIA

Exile's Return

Victor Paz Estenssoro, 44, last week returned to Bolivia (after six years in Argentina) to take over the presidency he had won from exile in last year's election, then lost to a military junta, and finally won back when the junta was toppled in the Holy Week revolution. Bolivia's 179th since 1825. Shouting fanatics of his Movement of National Revolution party plodded seven miles uphill to El Alto airport to give Paz a delirious welcome.

That night, to 50,000 partisans milling about in the Plaza Murillo, where M.N.R. Dictator Gualberto Villarroel was strung up on a lamppost six years ago, Paz cried: "I was not lucky enough to be with you in your heroic hour, but now my life is yours!" Then the onetime economics professor gave the word his fanatics came to hear: "We shall . . . study nationalization of the mines." The crowd roared.

The fate of the great tin mines, 72% foreign-controlled (in the U.S., Chile, Switzerland) and source of Bolivia's foreign exchange, is the revolution's No. 1 question. Paz ran in 1951 on a nationalization platform. His backer, Juan Lechin, Marxist mine labor leader who now holds the new office of Minister of Mine and Petroleum, is on record that "the workers must equip themselves to run the mine: effectively without the assistance of the owners." Paz almost certainly still intends to nationalize the mines, but he apparently means to go slow. For one thing, recognition from Washington may depend on moderation. One rumor circulating in La Paz is that the government will take over the entire dollar income of the mine owners, and pay them in Bolivian currency at a

loaded rate to hold profits down to 15%.

Meanwhile, the aftereffects of the bloody revolution required Paz's attention. By week's end, the revolution's dead (final count: 450) were buried and the wounded were being cared for, partly with medical supplies from Argentina brought to La Paz in trucks bearing huge pictures of Juan and Eva Perón.

Paz's most ticklish task was to disarm his own partisans. Some 10,000 of them still had rifles, machine guns and ammunition, supplied during the fighting. Their guns kept *La Razón*, a tin-interest daily newspaper hated by M.N.R., from publishing. Paz refused to send guards to the plant. Above all, he did not want any more shooting.

CANADA

False Alarm

Some Canadian economists have worried about the great tide of U.S. capital flooding their country in recent years. Their warning that U.S. financiers were grabbing control of Canada's economy sounded like a false alarm last week, after publication of a government blue book on foreign investment in Canada.

U.S. investment in Canada has indeed grown fast—from \$5 billion to an estimated \$7.2 billion since 1945—but the overall Canadian economy has grown faster. While Americans took the risk of financing such spectacular enterprises as the Alberta oil boom, Canadians were investing at an even faster clip in bonds, plant expansions, and other less dramatic developments of the national economy. Result: the proportion of U.S. ownership is shrinking, not growing. The Canadian economy is freer of foreign control now than at any time in the country's history.



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Associated Press

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PEOPLE



SPENCER TRACY, QUEEN JULIANA, DORE SCHARY
American hazards.

The Restless Foot

During her four-week U.S. visit, **Queen Juliana** of The Netherlands threaded her way through the niceties of diplomatic protocol and the hazards of civil welcoming committees with unaffected good humor. (In Detroit, after the mayor had stepped on her train for the third time, she was heard to murmur: "My God, not again!") Before leaving for Canada, she topped her tour with a visit to some of the kings & queens of Hollywood, where photographers caught her getting the leading-lady treatment from Old Star **Spencer Tracy** and Producer **Dore Schary**.

Bishop **Fulton J. Sheen**, having filmed his TV programs in advance, took off for Rome, stopped en route in County Roscommon, Ireland, to dedicate a church in the village of Croghan, birthplace of his grandmother.

After being made a member of the Society of Sidewinders in Wickenburg, Ariz., Cinemator **Tyrone Power** helped initiate a new group of greenhorns. The ritual: a week-long horseback ride in the desert followed by a snack of cocktails and rattle-snake meat.

In Paris, General **Dwight Eisenhower** interrupted his farewell tour of the NATO countries to attend the funeral Mass of a friend, French Hero General **Henri Coudraux**, a deputy chief of staff to **SHAPE**. Ike followed the old French custom which calls for chief mourners, whether lay or clerical, to dip a silver *goupillon* in holy water and sprinkle it on the coffin. Later, Ike took to his bed with a throat infection and fever, which further delayed his goodbye tour.

In Boston, a nine-year-old autograph hound said, "Bear down hard, Mr. Senator, I've got lots of friends." **Estes Kef-**

auver followed orders on a pad which had 15 sheets of carbon paper in it.

Sheppard ("Abdullah") **King**, who risked his Texas cotton-fortune inheritance by marrying Egyptian Shimmy Dancer **Samia Gamal**, brought his bride home to Houston to meet Mama for the first time. All went well. Nervous Samia got a hearty hug from her mother-in-law, who said, "I think she's charming."

The Strenuous Life

In Tokyo, **Prince Chichibu**, younger brother of the Emperor, was named honorary chairman last July of an association to raise money for a memorial to Old Soldier **Douglas MacArthur**. Last week the newspaper *Yomiuri* reported the campaign results to date. Expenses: \$2,962. Funds raised: \$222.

Off Pensacola, Fla., **John F. Foberg**, 36, World War II reserve officer and now Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Air, made the regulation three solt carrier landings on the U.S.S. *Cabot* in a North American SNJ monoplane, and thus qualified as an aircraft carrier pilot.

Asbestos Millionaire **Tommy Manville** decided that his 28-room mansion in New Rochelle, N.Y., which his last eight wives called home, was too large for temporary bachelor living. He bought a full-page ad in the local paper to announce, "The House of Brides for Sale," and made plans to move into a cozier \$125,000 ranch-type house on a nearby peninsula.

In Washington, former Communist Editor **Louis Budenz** testified that seven years of writing and lecturing on the evils of Communism has netted him \$70,000.

After three months of marriage in 1951, part-time Actress **Terry Moore**, 23, finally got a divorce from **Glenn Davis**, 27, former West Point All-America and now a

halfback on the Los Angeles Rams. Her grounds: "He made a wreck out of me. He asked friends if they thought I could really act and when they said yes, he called them frauds."

The Furrowed Brow

Sweden's Premier **Tage Erlander** stumped up his two-week tour of the U.S.: "It was very interesting to see how the average American lives. Their living standard appeared to be as high as ours."

Indignant over both steel and flood problems, Tennessee's Representative **Carroll Reece** wrote a one-sentence letter to **Harry Truman**. The text: "Why don't you seize the Missouri River?"

In London, a visiting Soviet chess expert explained how Russia's world champion **Mikhail Botvinnik** trains for an outside tournament: "In the Soviet, chess matches are played in strict silence, and smoking is forbidden. Before Botvinnik plays a match in a Western country, he spends three weeks with a companion, working out problems, while a radio blares in the background and his companion blows smoke in his face."

After much official bickering and meditation, Belgium's young **King Baudouin** solved a national philatelic problem. He announced that the first stamp to be issued in his honor will show him in profile without his horn-rimmed glasses.

Minister of Education **André Marie** ordered all French schoolteachers to hold special classes on **Harriet Beecher Stowe** in preparation for the Sorbonne's centenary celebration in June of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

To **Marlon** (*A Street Named Desire*) **Brando**, enjoying the boulevards of Paris, the ways of Hollywood seemed more disenchanting than ever. Said he: "Every creep part that comes along someone says, 'This is just right for Brando.' If I could crawl on all fours they'd put my face on Lassie and write a part for me."



MOURNER EISENHOWER
An old French custom.

PERSONALITY

IRVING BERLIN is the world's foremost writer of popular songs and one of America's leading insomniacs. Fame, riches, marital happiness and honors from grateful governments have come to this slight, dark man of 63, but the one thing he lacks is sleep—to hear him tell it, anyway.

Once when he was a guest at the Palm Springs ranch of Movie Mogul Joseph M. Schenck, the desert air was riven around 3 a.m. by a blood-chilling series of screams and cries. Headed by the burly Schenck, who clutched a revolver, the bathrobed guests (among them Dramatist Moss Hart) hurried to the scene.

Instead of a triple strangling, they found that the ululations came from a St. Bernard dog that had jumped into the swimming pool and couldn't get out. After the dog had been rescued, Hart and Schenck noticed that Berlin was the only guest not present, and exchanged meaningful glances. Later that morning, when he arrived at the breakfast table, they looked at him inquiringly. "Yes, the same old story," Berlin said with a mournful nod. "Took three Nembutals last night and didn't catch a wink."

Irving Hoffman, Broadway columnist, caricaturist and character, once told him he looked as though he had slept well. Berlin frowned. "I did," he answered, "but I dreamed I didn't."

The reason Berlin can't sleep much at night may be that, as one of Manhattan's most chronic stayer-uppers (mostly with the bachelor Hoffman, who supplies him with the gossip of which he is so fond), he seldom uses nights for going to bed. This is only natural; the first half of his life was taken up with occupations that shunned the sun: wait on the Lower East Side, warbling ballads in saloons for small coins; singing waiter in a Bowery joint; song-plugger in the cabarets after theater hours; man-about-Times Square and minstrel who preferred writing his lays in the hours when solitude was easier to find.

INSOMNIAC or not, Berlin is undeniably one of the most restless men in the U.S. not locked up in an institution. Joe Schenck once bet him \$50 that he couldn't sit in the same chair for five minutes. Before the second minute had elapsed, Berlin was swiftly pacing the floor.

"How can we get that restless too?" the songwriters of Tin Pan Alley might well shout in chorus. Berlin has published some 850 songs, and 25 of these have been what Tin Pan Alley classifies as not just hits, but Tremendous Hits. *White Christmas*, for instance, has sold 3,000,000 copies of sheet music and 14 million records. In the words of the music business, it is a "standard," and automatically sells about 300,000 copies every Yuletide season. Presumably it will go on doing so until Christmas is abolished.

A couple of hundred other Berlin numbers have been what he, a relentless critic of his own work, admits were "successes," which means that they have coined money. More than 30 stage musicals and movies that he has composed songs for have achieved hit status. "The guy's simply dirty with smashes," Tin Pan Alley sighs with envy. Joe Schenck has put it more conservatively: "Irving never lost money for anybody."

It takes Americans now in their 50s, or upwards, to appreciate fully how long Irving Berlin has held his championship. *God Bless America*, *Cheek to Cheek* and *This Is the Army*, Mr. Jones he wrote only yesterday, so to speak, although each is at least a decade old. The sheet music of *Alexander's Ragtime*

Band and When the Midnight Choo Choo Leaves for Alabama was selling by the millions 40 years ago.

Berlin's genius lies in his gift for catching the emotional emanations proceeding from huge masses of his countrymen, then being able to express in words and music what they would love to have expressed for them. "Believe me, Irving Berlin can't write," the tunesmith, Harry Ruby, once assured a friend. "His songs are hits merely because he has a drag with 150 million people."

Berlin did nobly by the whole 150 million during the last war. His all-soldier revue, *This Is the Army*, raised \$9½ million for the Army Emergency Relief Fund and was joyfully attended by 2½ million Americans in uniform here and overseas. Berlin gave not only his songs but 3½ years of his time, doing everything in the show from helping shift scenery to singing

solos in his tar-paper tenor. In recognition of his incalculable services as a morale builder, he was awarded the Medal for Merit, and France made him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

Berlin has been helping to build U.S. morale for three generations. *God Bless America's* entire royalties he donated to the Boy and Girl Scouts. Net thus far: nearly \$200,000. His songs—sweet, hot, sad, comic or stirring, but always honest in sentiment—have been so abundant it is scarcely possible to conceive of a time when he will stop making them.

Even his biography has entered American folklore. When, in 1926, this youngest of the eight children of a poor immigrant Russian rabbi and cantor named Baline married Ellin Mackay, the beautiful Postal Telegraph heiress, the entire U.S. press lowered its head, rolled its eyes and let out a thundering moo. The Berlins fled to Europe to dodge the slatherings. Although Berlin is not in the least self-conscious about his humble beginnings, and enjoys talking about them, he is fiercely protective

of the privacy of his wife and three children (all daughters).

SOFT-SPOKEN and shy to the casual acquaintance, Berlin seems a simple man, but is actually as complex as a four-part fugue. Hollywood, a honeycomb of sharp traders, admires his astuteness almost as much as it does his musical talents. Until he gave up the game, Berlin was one of the best stud poker players in the country.

He likes hard candies; when he chews gum with his hat on, the hat moves. From his Bowery days, a deft user of chopsticks and an expert on Chinese food, he often strides into his kitchen and prepares ungodly messes of it at ungodly hours, then wonders why he has indigestion. He has an excellent knowledge of vintage wines, period furniture, interior decoration, and famous murder cases.

He took up drawing and painting and was thrilled, two summers ago, to meet Picasso on the Riviera. Picasso asked him how Stravinsky was. "I don't know," Berlin said. "I don't get close to many good musicians."

Although he leads, by far, all other American songwriters in endurance and output, Berlin cannot read music or set his own on paper. His songs are transcribed by his arranger, often over the phone while Berlin sings them. His piano playing would get him run out of any fraternity house in the land.

When he and Moss Hart were collaborating on their brilliant revue, *As Thousands Cheer*, Berlin played a new number for him. It sounded terrible. Hart asked him to play it again. It sounded even more terrible. Hart thought a moment, then asked him to play *Always*. One of Berlin's most successful ballads, *Always*, played by the maestro, was virtually unrecognizable. "I thought so," Hart said. The new number later turned out to be *Heat Wave*, one of the hits of the year.



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MUSIC

Old Pigeons

"The apotheosis of sophistication—style and manner without content," wrote Brooks Atkinson for the *New York Times*. Said Critic Robert Sylvester of the gum-chewing *Daily News*: "I liked that thing back in 1934 and I liked it even better last night." So last week, after 18 years, the Virgil Thomson-Gertrude Stein opera, *Four Saints in Three Acts*, had critics and audiences in a froth again.

Revived on Broadway for a two-week brushup before opening at Paris' international Exposition of the Arts next month, *Four Saints* got a brilliant production, with Composer-Critic Thomson himself conducting. Like some abstract paintings, it was pretty to look at—and in this case

Balanchine Abroad

Barcelona spread out the purple carpet last week for the New York City Ballet. At the airport, young gallants deluged the American *chicas* with flowers, and tried to make dates. On opening night, sleek limousines brought an elegant throng to the 100-year-old Teatro del Liceo. All in all, the first continental venture of the New York City Ballet, if not entirely an artistic triumph by Spanish standards, was emphatically a social one.⁶

Spaniards, who have seen little but heel-tapping Spanish national dancing since Franco, gave their main applause to George Balanchine's new version of the classic *Swan Lake*. Oldsters in the audience had a dim memory, at least, of the



MANHATTAN REVIVAL OF "FOUR SAINTS IN THREE ACTS"
Visions in Spain, hymns in Steinese.

agreeable to listen to—even though it made no sense at all.

Gertrude Stein's libretto "shows saints moving about in Spanish landscape and doing all the things that saints do, such as praying, singing hymns, seeing visions, performing miracles, traveling and organizing." The trouble is that Stein's saints sing Steinese. Samples:

- ☞ "Pigeons on the grass alas."
- ☞ "Nobody visits more than they do visits them."
- ☞ "Two saints four at a time a time."

The music of Thomson, the onetime Missouri church organist who went to Paris to study composition, is expertly tailored, but out of wholly familiar cloth. Handel might have composed most of it in an off moment, especially if he had lived in Missouri in the 20th century.

Four Saints seemed a mighty old, effete and expatriate piece of Americana to represent U.S. culture at Paris.

classic style from the time when Diaghilev's Ballets Russes visited the Spain of Alfonso XIII. But they were more puzzled than pleased by such contemporary psychological pieces as Antony Tudor's *Lilac Garden*. Balanchine himself noted "a vast difference from the fiery enthusiasm I see at bullfights here."

Barcelona's leading *La Vanguardia Española* praised the company's stars, Maria Tallchief, Nora Kaye, et al., and Choreographer Balanchine, who "does not sacrifice technical virtuosity for theatrical effects." But it concluded that, on the whole, the company's "interpretive rigidity is somewhat disappointing."

Despite the first-night criticisms, Bal-

⁶ But not completely so back home. Jacob S. Potofsky, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers (C.I.O.), no friend of Franco Spain, expressed his protest against the Barcelona engagement by resigning from City Center's board of directors.

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celonians were either so socially starved or so curious that the next four performances (a total of 21) in the 3,600-seat Teatro del Liceo were already sold out. Next step on the company's tour, which will end in August at the Edinburgh Festival; Paris, and a prominent part in next month's international Exposition of the Arts.

New Pop Records

Mildred Bailey once admitted that "I couldn't sing big if I wanted to." But if her voice was one of the smallest around, it was also the sweetest and the sighing-est; and she had a natural rhythm to her phrasing that made her (with the Rhythm Boys—Bing Crosby, Harry Barris and her brother Al Rinker) one of the idols of the early '30s. Since those days, many of Mildred's old records have become collectors' items.

Out this month is the first album commemorating the roly-poly singer who died last December. **Mildred Bailey** (Decca, 2 sides LP) includes eight of her best-known songs, if not the best versions of all of them. Even so, *Lover, Come Back to Me*, *More than You Know*, and the song Hoagy Carmichael wrote for her, *Rockin' Chair*, are still outstanding. Recording: good.

Other new records:

Ramin'! (Jo Stafford; Columbia) was a New Orleans chimney sweeps' cry. Judging from this song, neither the tunesmith (Sammy Fain) nor pseudo Blues Singer Stafford ever got within good hearing distance of the South's "Cradle of Jazz."

Jeannine (Louis Armstrong and Gordon Jenkins' Orchestra; Decca). An old-timer, given a Hollywood nightmare of swooping strings, burning trumpet and gravel-voiced singing. *Indian Love Call*, on the other side, is even more unbelievable.

Blue Tango (Leroy Anderson; Decca). A sort of poor man's *Third Man Theme*, set to jolting Latin rhythm. This version by the composer triumphs over those by Xavier Cugat, Guy Lombardo, et al.

Runnin' Wild (Teddy Wilson and the All Stars; M-G-M, 8 sides). Old favorites such as *Bugle Call Rag*, *Stompin' at the Savoy*, *I Surrender Dear*, well played by the pixie-fingered professor (of jazz piano at Juilliard School of Music) and such cohorts as Trumpeter Buck Clayton, Vibraphonist Red Norvo. Not too well recorded.

Easy Does It! (Benny Goodman; Capitol, 6 sides). The lion of the licorice stick in some of the best of his more intimate work with the trio, quintet, sextet and septet. Includes *Puttin' on the Ritz*, *Henderson Stomp*, *Makin' Whoopee*.

What's the Use? (Johnnie Ray; Columbia). Sobber Ray restrains his tears but not his gulping and gobbling of the lyrics; the song, above an "Arabian" Latin rhythm, is thoroughly ordinary. For those who can stand larger doses, Columbia has also issued his first album (Johnnie Ray, 8 sides), including *Don't Blame Me*, *All of Me*.



We have a nice letter from a professor about his Viracle suit. He bought it a year ago and was wearing it at a convention in New York. He says, "I was jostled in a crowded reception room and pushed into a fountain about five feet deep. I emerged dripping but two hours later walked out of the Academy dry and as neat as when I entered." We quote the gentleman with some misgivings. It is true that the Viracle suit is remarkable. It is 55% Dacron,* 45% wool, loomed by Deering Milliken, tailored by Hart Schaffner & Marx (see photographs on another page). It is true that it is unusually resistant to heat, to moisture, to shrinking, and also to wrinkling. It retains its smart looks under almost all circumstances. But *please* don't dive into pools with it on. It *isn't* intended for total immersion. Besides, you might hit your head.

*Du Pont's trade-mark for its polyester fiber.

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RADIO & TELEVISION

Fight Night

The highways north of Chicago were jammed bumper-to-bumper one night last week. Said Deputy Sheriff George Bock: "It was just like Labor Day traffic." To Ray Radigan, an astonished restaurant owner in Kenosha, Wis., it was more like New Year's Eve. He had to hire extra help to cope with 484 diners, while hundreds of other customers perched on radiators or juggled drinks and sandwiches in the cocktail lounge.

The same story was repeated all along the North Shore as thousands of Chicagoans poured out of the city searching for TV sets that could pick up Milwaukee's station WTMJ-TV. They left home because none of Chicago's four TV stations were carrying the middleweight championship fight between Sugar Ray Robinson

show from Manhattan instead of Chicago. Then, the adman thought, there might be a chance of finding a sponsor.

Man's Voice. This week, *Down You Go* is still being telecast from Chicago (Fri. 9 p.m. E.S.T., Du Mont), still has Moderator Evans and the original panel, enlivened by an occasional "name" guest. It also has a sponsor (Old Gold), an audience estimated at 16 million, and it has received an impressive 2,000,000 letters in less than a year. Last February the show went on radio over the Mutual network; this month a Spanish-language version began telecasting in Cuba, and this fall it is expected to be heard in Australia and England. Much of the credit for these successive triumphs goes to Evans, whose accent strangely combines the rural Midwest (he was born in Franklin, Ohio) and Oxford (he was a Rhodes Scholar and took his



BERGEN EVANS & PANEL*
Speaking of a queen's leg...

and Rocky Graziano at the Chicago Stadium; the promoters had barred the local stations to ensure a good crowd.

One tavern on the West Side made it possible for fans to stay in Chicago. Customer Syl Szaizer, a technician at Zenith Radio, moved a converted TV set of his own design into the Polonia Grove bar. He rigged up a 40-foot mast on the tavern roof, perched a five-element antenna atop it, and pointed it in the direction of Milwaukee. A homemade booster amplifier brought in the signal and the Polonia's customers watched happily as Robinson knocked out his opponent. Said Szaizer modestly: "Oh, the picture was a little shaky—but so was Rocky Graziano."

The Adenoidal Moderator

A New York adman made a few helpful suggestions last year about a new TV panel show called *Down You Go*. He told Producer Lou Cowan to 1) get rid of his "adenoidal moderator," Bergen Evans, 2) replace his unknown panelists with glittering celebrities, and 3) telecast the

Ph.D. at Harvard). Credit also goes to the non-glittering but pleasantly intelligent panel: Editor Francis Coughlin, Teacher Robert Breen, Actresses Carmelita Pope and Toni Gilman.

Like many another TV panel show, *Down You Go* is based on an oldtime parlor game—in this case, Hangman. The panelists are faced with a board on which a number of blanks represent the letters in some well-known phrase, e.g., "second fiddle," "it's Greek to me," "bolt from the blue." Whenever a panelist suggests a letter not represented in the phrase, he goes "down," and \$5 is forwarded to the viewer who suggested the phrase. If all four panelists go down, the viewer wins \$35 and that granddaddy of quiz prizes, "a full set of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*."

Lady's Garter. Before trying to guess the letters in a phrase, the panel gets a one-line clue from Evans. These are often

* Francis Coughlin, Toni Gilman, Guest Adlai Stevenson, Carmelita Pope.

witty and usually to the point. Evans may spend as long as 15 hours thinking them up for a given show. Samples of his clues and the phrases they are to identify: "A tight situation in the business world, and one that seems to be growing tighter year after year" (office party); "One place in which everyone is late" (obituary column); "A man who talks in someone else's sleep" (college professor).

Now a professor of English at Northwestern University, Bergen Evans brings to TV a nicely turned academic wit and an impressive fund of miscellaneous information ("When Queen Victoria became a Knight of the Garter, she had it put on her arm, not her leg"). He first showed his debunking talents in his 1946 book, *The Natural History of Nonsense*, which shied irreverent rocks at some of mankind's most venerable myths. Before *Down You Go*, Evans made trial TV runs on several local shows, recalls that one of them was so bad it was watched "only by members of my immediate family." But last week he realized that his adenoidal high-pitched voice has finally become recognized as a TV asset: he was asked by an adman to do the commercials on another show.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, April 25. Times, subject to change, are E.S.T. through Saturday, April 26, E.D.T. thereafter.

RADIO

Theatre Guild on the Air (Sun. 8:30 p.m., NBC). *The Sea Wolf*, with Boris Karloff, Burgess Meredith, Margaret Phillips.

Lux Radio Theater (Mon. 9 p.m., CBS). *No Highway in the Sky*, with Marlene Dietrich, James Stewart.

The Bitter & the Sweet (Mon. 10 p.m., NBC). Commemorating Israel's fourth Independence Day, with Robert Montgomery, Sid Caesar.

America's Town Meeting (Tues. 9 p.m., ABC). "Was Yalta Stalin's Greatest Victory?" Affirmative: Historian Chester (The *Struggle for Europe*) Wilmot. Negative: Historian Arthur (The *Age of Jackson*) Schlesinger Jr.

Musical Comedy Theater (Wed. 8 p.m., Mutual). *Barkleys of Broadway*, with Yvonne de Carlo, Alfred Drake.

Presidential Profiles (Thurs. 10:30 p.m., CBS). Guest: Senator Estes Kefauver.

TELEVISION

Playhouse of Stars (Fri. 9 p.m., CBS). Geraldine Fitzgerald in *Fear*.

All Star Revue (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC). Starring Bob Hope.

Celebrity Time (Sun. 10 p.m., CBS). Guests: Beatrice Lillie, Reginald Gardiner.

Studio One (Mon. 10 p.m., CBS). *The Deep Dark*, with Skip Homeier, Lili Darvas.

TV Opera Theater (Thurs. 11 p.m., NBC). Puccini's *Gianni Schicchi*, with Herbert, Haskins, Marshall.

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*Reader's Digest,
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MEDICINE

Fatal Misadventure

At Cumberland Hospital in Brooklyn, the operating room hummed with the efficient bustle of surgeons and nurses. On the table, her face covered by the anesthetic mask, Mrs. Raffelinia Manfra, 30, lay unconscious under cyclopropane gas. She had just given birth by Caesarean section to a 5 lb. 10 oz. baby girl. Then, without warning, came the flash and blast of an explosion in the anesthetic machine. The explosion knocked one of the doctors to the floor. But Mrs. Manfra took the worst of it. The blast seared through the anesthetic tube into her lungs. Within the hour she was dead.

It was the second fatal explosion in three months in a U.S. hospital (TIME, Feb. 13). As before, no one knew immediately just what touched off the gas, though static electricity at some point near the anesthetic circuit was accepted as the general cause. City hospital officials began a thorough investigation last week, but one fact was established immediately: though Cumberland had taken careful precautions (cotton gowns for the surgeons, metal chains on the anesthetic machine), its operating-room floor was tile, and lacked a grounded grid of conductive material, e.g., copper, to drain off static electricity. The U.S. Bureau of Mines and the National Board of Fire Underwriters recommend that operating-room floors be grounded in some such way. But there is no uniform code, and doctors disagree about what is safest.

The American Society of Anesthesiologists has been working on a standard set of rules for ten years. The work has gone slowly. There has not been enough money for research. In the meantime, the hospitals make their own rules on conductive v. nonconductive floors. And about once in 75,000 operations a patient is killed or injured by what is known as anesthetic "misadventure."

Battle in the Blood

One of the newest and most hopeful weapons in the fight against polio is a blood fraction called gamma globulin. Doctors have known for several years that it is a rich storehouse of disease-fighting antibodies. They also know that injections of it will reduce the effects of measles in children. Now there is evidence that gamma globulin may be able to attack and destroy polio before it gets to the nervous system and wreaks its paralyzing effects.

At a meeting of the American Association of Immunologists in Manhattan last week, two researchers described the experiments that give doctors their new hope. Working independently at Johns Hopkins and Yale, Dr. David Bodian and Dr. Dorothy M. Horstmann had conducted almost identical tests and reached the same conclusion: there is a step missing in the widely held theory that polio passes directly from the alimentary tract to nerve fibers and thus to the nervous

system. Drs. Bodian and Horstmann think there is a transient middle phase: that the virus goes from the digestive system to the blood stream, and from there, if not destroyed by antibodies, to the nervous system.

Chimps & Antibodies. Dr. Bodian began to suspect the old theory two years ago while analyzing a series of gamma globulin samples from human blood. He found that 80 to 90% of it contained antibodies that would attack and kill live polio virus. Such antibodies, he reasoned, could only come from a blood stream which had carried polio virus in the past.

Dr. Bodian tested out his theory on the lab's chimpanzees and monkeys. A few days after he fed them live polio virus, he found traces of it in their stools. Within



DRS. BODIAN & HORSTMANN
What about children?

8 to 15 days, the virus showed up in their blood streams. Playing and chattering happily, the monkeys showed no signs of polio during this period. But after a few more days the familiar symptoms appeared and paralysis began to set in. At Yale, Dr. Horstmann got similar results.

Dr. Bodian carried his experiments a step further. A few minutes before feeding his monkeys live polio virus, he injected reinforcements of human gamma globulin containing polio antibodies into the animals' muscles. None of the monkeys came down with polio in its paralytic form.

Utah & Beyond. Encouraging as the experiments were, the immunologists kept their enthusiasm under careful check: gamma globulin seemed to have helped a few monkeys. What about children?

One test of gamma globulin in a polio area was made in Utah last summer. Some 5,000 children were given injections of the blood fraction, and another 5,000 were



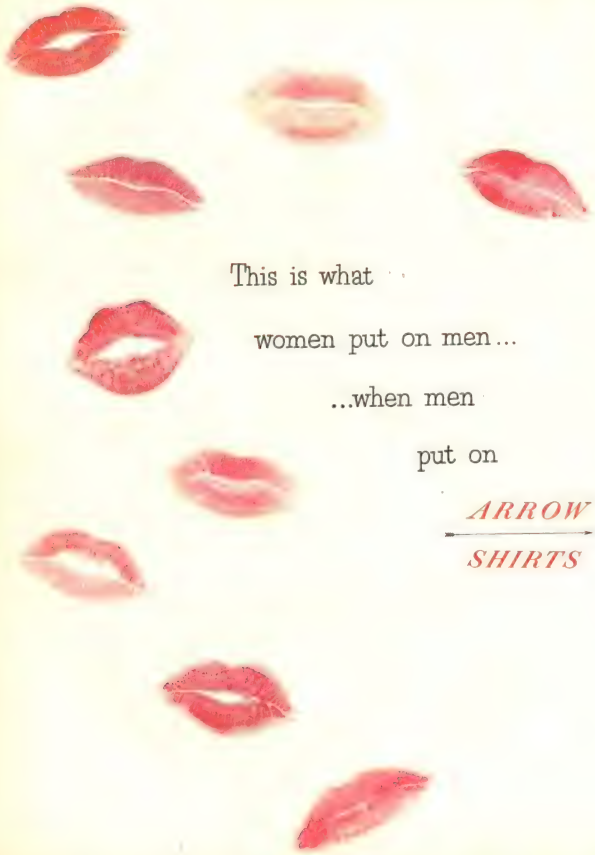
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This is what

women put on men...

...when men

put on

ARROW

SHIRTS

not (TIME, Sept. 10). The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis has never announced the results of that test because it felt they were inconclusive. But this year the foundation is planning to spend close to \$1,000,000 for a series of strictly controlled trials to learn more.

The foundation emphasizes that gamma globulin is still in the experimental stage and that there is not much of it around. They are worried that doctors will use up the supply before they know whether it really works. Moreover, even if it does work, its usefulness will be that of a temporary preventative—unlike a vaccine which may be effective for years. Said Dr. Harry M. Weaver, research director of the foundation: "The final goal has not yet been reached. Large-scale tests on many children still must be undertaken before we can hope for victory. It would be a cruel jest if people were led to believe that there existed a proven preventive for actual use this summer."

The best thing the U.S. public can do to help the polio fight this summer, said Dr. Weaver, is to stay away from gamma globulin, except where the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis directs its use in its controlled experiments.

Capsules

¶ Manhattan's Sloan-Kettering Institute reported another small advance in the battle against cancer: a rare and harmless African nerve virus called Egypt Virus 101, which will attack and eat away cancerous tissue in humans. Of 26 cancer patients experimentally infected with the new virus, four showed substantial improvement. The one drawback: relief is only temporary. The virus did not kill all the cancer before dying itself, and patients could not be given a second dose because they had developed an immunity to it. Said the institute: "[There] is as yet no proof that a curative virus for man can be developed, only hope for such an outcome based upon the experiments."

¶ Obesity as people grow older, Nutrition Expert Dr. Josef Brozek told a Manhattan meeting of biologists, is the most devastating and widespread nutritional disorder in the U.S. today. Tests on 103 men showed that the average fellow consists of about 14% fat at the age of 20, eats his way up to 25% fat by the time he reaches 60. Dr. Brozek's advice: lop 7% from the 3,000 calories consumed daily for every decade after the age of 25.

¶ After a survey of 207 state-operated mental hospitals, the U.S. Public Health Service estimated that one out of every 330 Americans (about 500,000) was under state treatment for mental illness in 1949. The hospitals were so overcrowded that there were only 100 beds for every 118 patients, one doctor for every 230.

¶ "Swimmer's itch," long thought to be caused in salt water by pollution or jellyfish stings, has been traced to the common mud snail. The snail's tiny larvae attack swimmers in calm waters and cause an itchy rash. Best way to outwit them: avoid still waters, keep splashing, take a shower afterwards.

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THE STORY OF BOSTON'S FAMED *Parker House*

3876 Years of Service . . .

Since it is one of the oldest industrial areas in the country it is natural that from New England frequently come reports relative to the longevity of its business organizations and the longtime records of their employees. Noting several such recent press accounts Parker House president Glenwood J. Sherrard—himself associated for a score of years with the famed Boston hotel now in its 96th year of continuous operation—asked for a detailed compilation of the years of service of Parker House officers and staff. The results revealed the remarkable fact that tenure of service by personnel currently on the payroll reached the astounding total of 3876 years.



BOSTON'S FAMED PARKER HOUSE*
It has an unusual personnel service history

With a record 54 years on the Parker House payroll, probably the only Head Waiter Emeritus in the world heads the list of 27 key men and women who have been continuously associated with the hotel for more than a quarter of a century. Their years of service combine to reach the imposing figure of 783 years. To Sherrard these records hold much more than numerical significance . . . with pride he pointed to the conclusion that the reason for the consistently unique service and hospitality for which the hotel is world-famed is clearly apparent . . . It stems from a staff which in its activities combines reverence and loyal adherence to Parker House tradition with a complete awareness of the modern requirements of accommodations and facilities expected by today's hotel guests—two incentives that have instilled in every employee a pride of association and a spirit of service rarely encountered in the world of modern business.

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RELIGION

Color Psychology

Presbyterian James H. Robinson, 45 and a Negro, knows the taste of race prejudice. A Tennessee boy who went to college in Pennsylvania, he came near being lynched years ago when he went back to Tennessee and preached about civil rights. As a minister, he has known the "utter humiliation" of standing in line at a joint communion service, while white clergymen invented some kind of excuse to avoid marching with him.

But when the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions asked him to take a leave of absence from his Harlem pulpit last year and tour Europe and Asia as an ambassador-at-large, Pastor Robinson accepted. He had something to say about his country and its churches. In interviews since he got back, and in a series of articles ending in this week's *Presbyterian Life*, Robinson tells how it went.

Admit the Worst. In five months Pastor Robinson spoke to at least 400,000 students (he averaged four speeches a day). Indians followed him on trains, begging him to stay longer. Japanese Buddhist priests brought their friends to hear him. In Berlin, during the 1951 Youth Rally, he argued into the small hours with young Communists. Wherever he went in Asia he ran into Jim Crow in reverse—his color got him places where white Americans are scarcely tolerated.

"Most people in both Europe and Asia," says Dr. Robinson, "were amazed to find a Negro who wasn't a Communist." He found Indians, Lebanese and Pakistanis surprisingly well informed about discrimination in the U.S. Communists peppered him with loaded questions. Sample: "But can you be President of this fine country of yours?" "By taking five minutes to admit the worst," says Robinson, "I could then spend an hour saying what you can do in a democracy, and showing them what an excellent expectancy there is for the next ten years in U.S. race relations."

The Village Level. Besides giving foreigners something to think about, Pastor Robinson brought home some words for his countrymen. He warned U.S. Christians that the "younger churches" of Asia are growing up and want to be run still more by their own leaders. "It is time to drop the word 'missionary,' which becomes increasingly offensive." More generally, he feels, Americans, Christian or otherwise, have not got their message across to Asia: "Many of us have not yet learned the elementary psychology of color."

Expensive U.S. press and radio propaganda programs seldom reach the mass of Asians. The only way to convince them of American aims and sincerity, says Robinson, is by talking to them as he did. "We must get down to the village level . . . This is where Communists always concentrate. We've got to outmatch the Commu-

© He was almost mobbed in East Berlin by cheering Reds who mistook "Robinson" for "Robeson."



UNITED PRESS
PRESBYTERIAN ROBINSON
Jim Crow in reverse.

nists where it counts—with the people."

At the moment, Pastor Robinson believes the very best unofficial ambassadors the U.S. can send are qualified Negroes. "Such people would be the best answer to Communist propaganda, because white people in Asia are apologists at best about race problems."

Catholic Censorship

When Redmond Burke was a student at the University of Illinois, he had some spiritual troubles over his required reading. As a Roman Catholic, he knew that he was forbidden, under pain of sin, to read books listed in the Vatican's *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*—the index of forbidden books. But like most Catholics (and non-Catholics) he had only a dim notion of how the church's book censorship operated and what, exactly, it forbade.

Burke, at 37, is now a priest and the librarian of Chicago's De Paul University. As a professional librarian, he has had a fine chance to look into his old problem. In a book published last week, *What Is the Index?* (Bruce; \$2.75), he has written a short and brisk guide to the church's position on reading.

Heresy or Obscenity. Ever since St. Paul's new converts at Ephesus burned their old magic books,* the church has waged war against books that might damage the faith or morals of its communicants. Pope Pius IV issued the first Index in 1564. A Congregation of the Index was established at the Vatican seven years later, with the sole job of judging what books were dangerous enough to be forbidden.

The latest edition of the Index (1948)

© Acts 19:19.

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TIME, APRIL 28, 1952

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lists 4,126 titles—all of them books banned since 1600. Many of the names it includes must have popped up on Father Burke's old University of Illinois reading lists. Among them: Voltaire, Kant, Montesquieu, Descartes, Spinoza, Anatole France, Emile Zola, John Stuart Mill, Francis Bacon, Hugo Grotius, Gustave Flaubert, Maurice Maeterlinck.

The important part of the Index is not the listed titles, but the fine Latin print in the introduction, citing the twelve classes of books which Catholics are not to read. They include: non-Catholic editions of the Bible, books attacking Catholic dogma, books defending "heresy or schism," books which "discuss, describe or teach impure or obscene matters." A volume fulfilling any of these specifications, whether it was published before or after 1600, is as fully banned as if it were mentioned by name. Many books, therefore, that to



Setmann Archive

Pius IV
Under pain of sin.

Catholics obviously fit one of these classifications are not even mentioned in the Index, e.g., John Calvin's *Institutes*, D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

Spiritual Allergies. The actual working of the church's book censorship is not so inflexible as it sounds. Any Catholic with a "good reason" for reading a banned book can easily get permission from his bishop. Many U.S. bishops give temporary blanket permissions to students in their dioceses to read books necessary for their studies.

The Vatican has long conceded that the popular printing press can outrun any censor's pencil. Since 1900 the church has banned only 255 books, most of them theological works. (Best-known contemporaries on the Index: Philosopher Benedetto Croce, Existentialist Jean-Paul Sartre.) Responsibility has been shifted to local bishops and, in the last analysis, to the individual to decide whether a particular book can injure the reader's faith. Explains a Vatican book censor: "People have different spiritual allergies."



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The royal cooks had to stick pretty closely to what was in season. Today's housewife, by simply opening a can, is able to serve fruits and vegetables that are months out of season. His Majesty could have his choice of a few salted and preserved foods—but there just wasn't a chance of a midwinter meal including such foods as asparagus, spinach, peaches, pears, cherries or pineapple.

Even more dramatic is a comparison of the monotonous salt meat, bean, bread and potato diet of the king's subjects with the tremendous variety that canned foods bring to the table of today's average American.

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Born 1820 ... still going strong

THE THEATER

New Play in Manhattan

The Chase (by Horton Foote) was Producer-Director-Actor José Ferrer's bid for five Broadway hits in a row.* But *The Chase* proves too much for him—or rather, too little. Laid in Texas, it tells of a violent killer who breaks out of the pen, and of a small-town sheriff's fierce efforts to recapture him without having to kill him or let the townspeople string him up. Since the desperado is almost more anxious to bump off the sheriff than to make



Bob Golby

KIM HUNTER & JOHN HODIAK
Fairly knotty.

a getaway, the situation is fairly knotty. The situation, also fairly routine, has been treated times without number on film. But it is not really the story that dooms *The Chase*. It is rather the slow, loquacious, unclimactic storytelling: there is the flash of gunfire now & then, but most of the lead is in the script.

A further trouble is that *The Chase* keeps preaching, with too-pious insistence, against unnecessary violence. But as a thriller, *The Chase* can only practice what it preaches at the cost of sufficient thrills. Cramped by such material, Director Ferrer does little more than work up a few lively scenes and—as he has so often done in previous productions—cast some good people in minor roles. As the harassed sheriff, with a pregnant wife into the bargain (Kim Hunter), Cinemactor John Hodiak struggles manfully, but about all he demonstrates is that a policeman's lot is not a happy one.

* The other four: *Twentieth Century*, *Stalag 17*, *The Fourposter*, *The Shrike*.

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The Brat

(See Cover)

The batter, narrow-eyed and tight-lipped, leaned in toward the plate, and crouched to make a smaller target of his stocky little frame. He wriggled, fidgeted with his cap, hitched up his belt, got his feet dug in, began wagging his bat. Just as the pitcher started his windup, he let down the bat, stepped out of the box and elaborately wiped an imaginary speck out of his eye. The pitcher waited, ball clutched in his throwing hand. With a swagger, the batter walked over to the rosin bag, picked it up, dusted his hands

"strike zone," Stanky snarled: "Are you trying to tell me my business?"

The Intangibles. Stanky's main business, until recently, has been to get on base. No one in baseball does it better. Though pitchers often give a power hitter an intentional base on balls—in order to pitch to an easier batter—no one ever walks Stanky intentionally. His .269 lifetime batting average is no great threat to a pitcher, but he holds the National League record for drawing walks: 148,* or nearly one a game.

This talent prompted Branch Rickey to make a classic evaluation of Stanky, then Brooklyn's second baseman: "He can't

Dean, et al. But the fiercely loyal St. Louis fans, who learned to look on Stanky with a sort of affectionate loathing when he played on rival clubs, are cheered when Stanky says: "I have always been the Gashouse type."

Designed to Annoy. Because he is the Gashouse type, because he gives and asks no quarter, because he has been involved in countless loud-mouthed hassles, Eddie Stanky has probably been on the receiving end of more Bronx cheers, boos and jeers than any major-league player since Ty Cobb. His legs are scarred from knee to heel from high-flying spikes. He has also left his mark on many a rival second baseman and shortstop. He is a past master at breaking up a potential double play by hurling his stocky (5 ft. 8 in., 165 lb.) frame into a pell-mell slide and dumping the would-be thrower into the dust.

When he cannot win according to the rules, Stanky furiously figures out new ways to irritate the opposition. Once, to distract batters, he began wigwagging and semaphoring at the plate from his second base position. This particular device brought on a free-for-all brawl and got him kicked out of the game. It also brought forth a special ruling from National League President (now Baseball Commissioner) Ford Frick: "Umpires have been instructed to eject any player who engages in antics . . . designed or intended to annoy or disturb opposing batsmen."

Quit is a word that Stanky does not understand. When Cincinnati's Ewell Blackwell, pitching against the Dodgers, was on the verge (one out in the ninth) of his second consecutive no-hit game, it was Stanky's single, in what was plainly a lost cause, that spoiled Blackwell's bid. In last year's World Series, running down toward second on a hit & run play that backfired, slow-moving Stanky was thrown out by a clear 15 feet, Yankee Shortstop Phil Rizzuto confidently waited to tag Stanky out. But Stanky went into a desperate, dust-raising slide. Instead of aiming at the base, he aimed at Rizzuto and neatly kicked the ball out of the startled shortstop's hand. The ball trickled out into centerfield, and before the Yankees could recover, Stanky had picked himself up and scampered on to third base. The Giants' Manager Leo Durocher called it the key play of the game. It kept a Giant rally alive, and the Giants won. Strictly speaking, the kick was not quite cricket, but to Eddie Stanky it was baseball.

The boos and jeers that Stanky gets are merely a challenge to make the fans eat their words. Usually they do. The hatred turns to grudging admiration for the scrappy, sandy-haired little man, who, by his own admission, "got further with less talent" than anyone else in the game. Admiration, in turn, grows into downright affection. After one fist-flying misunderstanding during a minor-league game, Stanky found himself stuck with a \$100 fine. The fans took up a collection to pay the fine, and collected so efficiently that Stanky pocketed a profit.



INFIELDER SCHOENDIENST, MANAGER STANKY, OUTFIELDER MUSIAL
"We'll play more hit and run. We'll steal more."

and wiped them on the seat of his pants. Then he stepped up to the plate again. Just as the pitcher got set, the batter called "time," once again stepped out of the box and knelt to tie a shoelace, while the stands hooted and cheered.

Finally, the exasperated pitcher managed to get through his motion. As the ball whipped toward the plate, the batter's cool blue eyes examined it with icy intentness. The ball, a hairbreadth outside the strike zone, plopped into the catcher's glove. Not until the umpire called "ball," almost resignedly, did Eddie ("The Brat") Stanky allow himself the small grimace that, during a game, passes for a satisfied grin.

The canniest lead-off batter in baseball's history was busy at his favorite pastime: getting a free trip to first base. For 17 years in baseball, Stanky's hook-or-crook motto has been: "I don't care how I get on base." When an umpire once warned him against crouching too low at the plate in an effort to minimize his

field. He can't hit. And he can't outrun his grandmother. But I wouldn't trade him for any second baseman in the league." When the New York baseball writers voted a special award to Eddie Stanky, they were stumped when the time came to define just what the trophy was for. Stanky, with a grin, helped them out. "Thank you," he said, "for appreciating my intangibles."

Last week, as the baseball season got under way, Eddie Stanky was lending his intangibles, for an estimated \$40,000 a year, to a new allegiance and a new kind of job. He is the new manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, once the scourge of the National League, but more recently its most promising also-ran. Long gone are the rowdy old days of the Cardinals' famed "Gashouse Gang"—Pepper Martin, Frankie Frisch, Leo Durocher, Dizzy

* American League record: 170, set in 1923 by Babe Ruth, who got most of his because pitchers were afraid of his home-run power.

A Permanent Chip. The belligerent Stanky temperament is the result of both heredity and environment. He was born in the workman's Kensington section of Philadelphia on Sept. 3, 1917, of German-Russian parents. His father, a leather glazer, was a frustrated semi-pro ball-player. By the time Eddie could sit up, he was rolling a baseball on the floor. His mother recalls a pickup game on a nearby sandlot, when Eddie was still only a shaver. He was the catcher, and, over-eager as usual, he crowded so close to the plate that he was knocked cold when the batter swung. Mother Stanky, an unperturbed spectator, said: "Just throw a bucket of water on him. He'll be all right." Eddie got up and finished the game.

Eddie grew up with a permanent chip on his shoulder. One schoolmate recalls that "he would fight at the drop of a hat—just for the hell of it." Another remembers: "I never saw him in the summer without a baseball glove, or in the winter without a soccer ball." (He was the high-scoring star of Northeast High School's championship soccer team.) Lester Owen, Eddie's high-school gym teacher, was impressed by the Stanky single-mindedness: "It was baseball that Eddie came to high school for. He said he was going to be a pro baseball player. That was that. No one doubted him. He wasn't conceited. He was an ordinary boy with extraordinary ambition."

Ups & Downs. His driving ambition got him a contract with Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics. He was 18, cocky and confident. But after a few weeks on the Greenville (Miss.) Class C farm club, Infielder Stanky was not so sure he wanted to be a major leaguer after all. Home-sick and desperately unhappy, he wrote to his parents for money to come home. After ten anxious days he got a terse refusal from his mother. The letter ended: "We don't want any quitters in our family."

So Stanky stuck it out through eight years in the minors. Three of them, happily, were spent under Manager Milton Stock, now a Pittsburgh Pirates coach,



Joe Wasson

MOTHER STANKY
"We don't want any quitters."

who was part owner of the Macon, Ga. team in the Sally (South Atlantic) League. Stanky recalls his minor-league experience as an unending series of brawls (35 fist fights) and rows with umpires ("I got tossed out of 15 or 20 games a year"). Stock, Stanky now says, "taught me to control my temper." This may be giving Stock too much credit, but he did teach Stanky that being thrown out of games hurts the team's chances.

Stock also appraised Stanky's natural talents at the plate—a wondrously accurate eye but no power—and taught him to be a lead-off batter. Appraising Stanky's future, Stock even consented to let Eddie marry his only daughter, Dickie, even though Eddie's baseball earnings that year were exactly \$1,500. Dickie, a striking brunette, turned out to be quite an inspiration. Eddie was sold to Milwaukee of the American Association and hit the

jackpot with a .342 batting average. He ended the 1942 season by being voted the A.A.'s most valuable player.

Brooklyn Blossom. It meant the end of the minors for Eddie and Dickie, but not the end of Stanky's spring-legged struggle for recognition. He was sold to the Chicago Cubs in 1943 and was banded in his first game. It was the third time Stanky had stopped a fast ball with his head. The first time was the worst: he got a fractured skull, and the hearing in his left ear was so impaired that he was rejected for military service. Even in that war year with the Cubs, he hit only a lackluster .245. The next season, warming the bench, he made a tight-lipped demand of Cub Manager Charlie Grimm: "If you can't play me, trade me." Grimm traded him to Brooklyn for Pitcher Bob Chipman in a deal that attracted very little attention. It was a deal that made Eddie Stanky.

Under the smart handling of Old Mahatma Branch Rickey, who had spotted Stanky when he was a minor leaguer, and under the constant needling of Manager Leo Durocher (a player of small talents himself), Stanky blossomed in Brooklyn. He set his bases-on-balls record in 1945. He sparked Brooklyn to its first pennant in six years in 1947.* The Brooklyn fans made Eddie an idol (along with Dixie Walker), tabbed him with such affectionate nicknames as "The Brat," "Gromyko" (because he walked so much), "Stinky," and "Muggsy."

But by the spring of 1948, Stanky was a fallen idol in Rickey's eyes. Rickey had broken baseball's color line with the importation of hard-hitting Jackie Robinson, and, as it happened, Robinson was a better second baseman than Eddie Stanky. The Boston Braves jumped (\$100,000 worth) at the chance to get Stanky, hoping that his "intangibles" would perk up a team perennially in the shadow of

* The year that Durocher sat on the sidelines at the order of Baseball Commissioner Happy Chandler.



STANKY KICKS BALL OUT OF RIZZUTO'S HAND

"We have paid too much attention to the home run."



International Association Press

STANKY WRESTLES WITH SLIDER AT SECOND BASE

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the glamorous Red Sox. Before leaving Brooklyn, Eddie broke with his good friend Durocher, who had taken Rickey's side against Stanky in a salary dispute. "Durocher," Stanky cried, "knifed me in the back."

Strictly Bush! In Boston, after a particularly bitter exchange with Durocher during one tight game, Stanky loosed his famed insult: "Durocher, you've been a busher all your life, and you'll always be a busher." When asked to comment on Durocher's book, *The Dodgers and Me*, Stanky was ready with a brief, stinging literary criticism: "Just like the author. Strictly bush!"

Teaming with Rookie Shortstop Alvin Dark in Boston, Stanky was well on his way to his best major-league season (batting average: .300) when he broke his leg sliding into third and spiking Dodger Catcher Bruce Edwards. By the end of the season, with Stanky intact again, Boston won its first pennant in 34 years. Meanwhile, in the switch that baffled baseball, Durocher left Brooklyn to manage the Giants. In his first important trade to build "my kind of team," Durocher got Stanky and Dark from Boston. Old feuds were forgotten. Baseball's two "holier guys" were together again.

Durocher, to everyone's surprise, named Shortstop Dark as the Giant captain. Stanky, his broad face set in an expression of sadness, pounded into Durocher's office and said: "Leo, that's fine for Al, but don't you think I had it coming? After all... I'm your kind of halflayer. You've always said so." Durocher told Stanky to cool off. Then he carefully explained that he was trying to instill some of Eddie's aggressiveness into Dark by giving him added responsibility. Stanky was flattered and placated.

"You Gotta Win." The Giants soon lost a tough game, 1-0. As Durocher, a lover of the historical present tense, recalls the clubhouse scene: "Stanky comes into the clubhouse after the game and starts throwing things, taking it out on the furniture about those lucky bastards winning that one. He finally takes a kick at the water cooler and the bottle falls and breaks and the ice goes all over the floor and there's a hell of a ruckus. Now Al Dark has a good day that day. As I remember it, we get six hits and he got three or four. But nobody could score him. Well, one of those newspaper guys comes in and stops by Dark and says 'Anyhow, Al, you did all right with that stick today.' Dark whirls around and hollers, 'What the hell do you mean all right? We didn't win, did we?' I knew right then I didn't make any mistake making him the captain." Stanky, a team player first and still Durocher's guy, agrees.

Last year, this time in Stanky's second season with a new club, the Giants won the pennant in one of the most dramatic finishes baseball has ever produced. Bobby Thomson's home run clinched the pennant, but 156 games had already been played, and Stanky had worked mightily in 145 of them. Durocher tells of Stanky's



CARDINAL OWNER SAIGH

He fights fireworks with dignity.

role: "To win a pennant you gotta win the tight ball games. And to win those tight ones, those one-run games, you gotta have guys who won't quit till they've won. And you've always gotta have one guy to lead those other guys, Eddie Stanky was my guy and their guy. He hated to lose. Eddie Stanky was the big difference in tight ball games... We wouldn't have won the pennant without him."

Stanky turned down the offer of a relatively secure job with the Giants for the new dubious job as Cardinal manager, a position that has seen more hiring & firing (some changes in the past 26 years) than any other club in baseball. Eddie, who has been "preparing for this kind of job for five years," talked it over with Dickie. Said she: "Let's take it on."

Midgets & Managers. The job is, in a sense, the biggest challenge in baseball. Some people maintain—and attendance figures bear them out—that St. Louis cannot support two major-league teams. For years, the American League Browns, winners of one pennant (1944) in 50 years, have barely kept out of the red. Rival American League teams, including such drawing cards as the New York Yankees, lose money on the trip to St. Louis. Last year, after effervescent Bill Vecek (rhymes with heck) bought the dormant Browns, things began to change. Using the showman stunts that brought fans out in droves when he owned the Cleveland Indians, Vecek shot off fireworks before games, imported jitterbugs and contortionists, selected grandstand managers to help run the team, handed out free drinks, and even sneaked a midget into the Browns' lineup (he drew a base on balls).

Fan interest began to perk up under Vecek's Barnum & Bailey tactics, not be-



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between Indianapolis and Terre Haute

Up the Pullman steps, Mr. Clark puffed slightly. Like some 28 million other Americans, he was uneasily aware that he was getting, well, *pudgy* .

Later, in the diner, he looked enviously at the trim couple across the table. Before them were generous servings of lean meat, vegetables, black coffee. No dieting for them!

"But we are on a diet," they chorused. And told how their doctor had advised the balanced diet, *fitted to their systems' specific needs* , that only a doctor can properly prescribe. And all without robbing them of a single needed protein, vitamin or mineral.

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Next day, Mr. Clark saw *his* doctor. A month later, with his modern diet for girth control, he'd shed 11 pounds. But, he always said, he really lost them in that single hour when he learned that all the sweetness needn't go out of life when you diet.

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cause the Browns were going anywhere in the pennant race (they finished last, 46 games behind the Yankees), but because the fans wanted to see what Veck would do next. Cardinal Owner Fred Saigh (rhymes with high), whose club has drawn over a million fans every year of the five Saigh has owned it, countered by placing ads in the St. Louis papers extolling the Cardinals as "a dignified St. Louis institution." The struggle for fans was on.

Veck, a flamboyant gladiator, relishes the feud. Publicity-shy Saigh prefers to let his team do the talking. After Veck hired hard-bitten Rogers Hornsby, an old Cardinal favorite, to manage the Browns, Saigh felt forced to retaliate by getting baseball's most colorful character, Saigh fired Manager Marty ("Mr. Short-stop") Marion and hired Eddie Stanky. Veck, who refuses to be topped, quickly hired Marion as a player-coach.

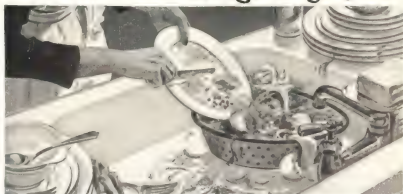
More Hit & Run. As the Cardinals wound up their spring-training barnstorming tour,* some of the evidence was in on the new Stanky regime. Always the realist, Stanky knew that he could not remake a team of veterans and rookies into the old Gas House image. Veterans like Outfielder Enos Slaughter, Second Baseman Red Schoendienst and Third Baseman Billy Johnson already play the game to the hilt. Stan ("The Man") Musial, baseball's best, summed up the new Cardinal feeling: "We'll be more aggressive... We'll play more hit & run... We'll steal more."

Stanky, choosing his words carefully, says: "The men will play up to the fullest of their capabilities... I do not plan to let anyone take advantage of me... I am not a martinet—and I am not a sucker." A manager's first task, Eddie says, is "getting the players to believe in you. I do not care if players like or dislike me. Naturally, I want them to like me. But if all of them believe I know what I am doing, I am on the happy road."

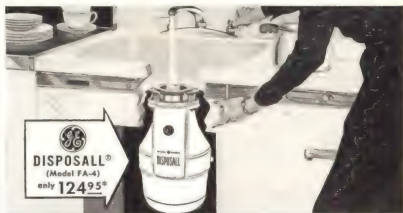
Family Man. Manager Stanky was on another happy road last winter: he made a good-will tour of the Cardinal farm chain from Ontario to Omaha. Gregarious and earnest, he loved every minute of it, even though it meant being away from his winter home in Mobile, Ala. A devout Catholic family man, Stanky would have preferred to spend the winter golfing or horseback riding with Dickie, or hanging around the house playing with his three children: Georgia Ann, 8½, Beverly Mary, 2½, and Michael Edward, nine months. Off the field, Stanky is a model of decorum, temperance and propriety. He never took a drink until he was 27, still drinks sparingly, smokes only an occasional pipe, watches his diet carefully. "I'm sometimes hard to live with at home," he says with a grin. His wife backs him up to a certain extent: "Only when he loses. Then we just cancel our plans for the evening."

Problems & Pros. How many games will the Cardinals lose this year? Stanky is too cagey to make many predictions: "We

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GEORGIA ANN, BEVERLY MARY, DICKIE, EDDIE & MICHAEL EDWARD STANKY
Sometimes he is hard to live with.

have a strong pennant contender, with the Giants, Dodgers and Phillies in the same category. If I have a problem, and I don't like to recognize problems, it's pitching." The Cardinals have two proven starters in Gerald Staley (19-13) and Cliff Chambers (14-12), and Stanky is counting heavily on Wilmer ("Vinegar Bend") Mizell, acclaimed as "the left-handed Dizzy Dean." Mizell, the Cardinals' clown, was the strike-out king last year of the Texas League, where his Houston record was 16-14. Stanky also intends to revive sore-armed Cloyd Boyer (2-5) and Joe Presko (7-4), along with veteran (33) George ("Red") Munger (4-6). For bullpen duty, and for off and on starts, he has two old (37) left-handed standbys, lanky Alpha Brazle (6-5) and stringy Harry ("The Cat") Brecheen (8-4). Del Rice is the No. 1 catcher.

The outfield is solid enough with Musial, the National League's leading batter (.355), Slaughter (.281) and Wally Westlake (.266). In reserve: Harry ("Peanuts") Lowrey (.303) and Hal Rice (.254). The infield is not airtight, nor is it porous. Hulting (6 ft. 1 in., 230 lbs.) Steve Bilko, up for his third try in the majors, is at first base, where his big bat may make up for his slow feet. Red Schoendienst, a slick-fielding switch-hitter (.289), is the second baseman as he has been for the past five years. Shortstop Solly Hemus, who hit .344 last year after taking over Marty Marion's job as a regular, is considered by Stanky to be "the most improved player on the team." Johnson, at third, is a former Yankee star with a rifle arm and a fair (.262) bat. This is essentially the same team (excluding Bilko) which finished third, 15½ games off the Giant pace last year. And where does Stanky fit in?

"I hope, eventually, to be a bench

manager," says Stanky. "But all of these fellows will need a rest now and then [the average age of the Cardinals makes them one of the oldest clubs in baseball], and I expect to play plenty." One guess, if Bilko does not make it this time: Stanky will be on second and Second Baseman Schoendienst ("He can play anywhere") will move to first. Otherwise, Stanky expects to be yapping and howling in the third-base coaching box. His basic strategy, says Eddie, is bunt, run, squeeze: "We have paid too much attention to the home run. The time has come to return to primary weapons."

Old (66) Doc Weaver, who has seen nine changes in Cardinal managers since Branch Rickey hired him 26 years ago to ease the aches & pains of Cardinal athletes, sums up Stanky's managerial qualifications: "If a club owner wants a man that's all business, a real all-out go-getter, then he's got the right fellow." Branch Rickey, in a tone of deep respect, says it another way: "He's Gashouse."

Who Won

¶ Myhelyn Stable's Master Fiddle, the \$63,300 Wood Memorial, semifinal prep for the Kentucky Derby; at Jamaica, N.Y.

¶ Middleweight Champion Sugar Ray Robinson, by a third-round knockout of former Champion Rocky Graziano; in Chicago.

¶ Doroteo Flores, 30, the 26-mile, 385-yd. Boston Marathon. Flores, a Guatemalan mill weaver, was the seventh foreigner in a row (other winners: two Koreans, a Japanese, a Swede, a Canadian, a Greek) to win the annual Patriot's Day race.

¶ The Detroit Red Wings, hockey's Stanley Cup; in Detroit. The Red Wings won the playoffs with a record-breaking eight straight victories, four over Toronto, four over Montreal.

It's a matter of Opinion

Safe or Out? Depends on which team you're rooting for...



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TIME, APRIL 28, 1952



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Stay-at-Home-Explorer

Without leaving comfortable Cavendish Laboratory in Cambridge, England, Physicist J. F. Nye took a crack at a new kind of Arctic exploration. Using the integrations of abstruse equations, he ranged over Greenland's great icecap, checking the observations of scientists who had made the trip in person. In *Nature* magazine, Dr. Nye reports his findings. Greenland, he concludes, is probably a mountain range rising from the sea, surrounding a vast, frozen, inland lake (see map).

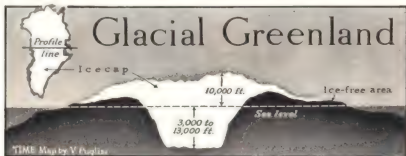
Greenland's glacial blanket, explains Dr. Nye, tends to spread out and flow downhill because of its own weight. But this movement is balanced by the rock floor compressed under centuries of ice and snow. Some ice is lost in summer's melting and in icebergs that break off to sea. But the big glacier is refreshed with snow slowly hardening into more ice. It is this almost perfect equilibrium that Dr. Nye describes in his complicated formulas. Having written the equations, the lab-

plant tissue into a state of suspended animation: reheated, his experimental tissues began to grow again.

Father Luyet's modest report of his work furthered some extravagant speculation. Perhaps men might be put into deep-freeze and revived thousands of years later. At the very least, spermatozoa from exceptional males could be saved to fertilize females of the future. Unconcerned with such lurid prophecies, Biologist Luyet went on with his experiment.

Beyond Death. The danger zone, Luyet found, was around -20° F. At that temperature, moisture in the experimental tissues freezes into ice crystals, rearranging each cell's molecular structure into a "thermodynamically stable configuration"—the scientists' fancy name for death. What the experimenters needed was a quick-freeze system that would jump through the "death stage" in a split second, turn their research tissues into a vitreous, glasslike state before internal liquid had a chance to crystallize.

For such split-second cooling, Luyet



locked explorer then works backward, calculating ice depth from surface contours.

Dr. Nye began with a Danish survey map made in 1938. His mathematical predictions agree with measurements made by French Explorer Paul-Emile Victor as recently as 1950. Victor's party, however, had to make a 700-mile trek across southern Greenland. Every ten miles they measured ice thickness by detonating a charge of dynamite and timing the echo as it bounced from the rock floor far below. Admittedly more accurate, Victor's seismic soundings were time-consuming and limited. As check-points for Nye's formulas, they take on new importance.

Today, when almost every nation that can afford Arctic expeditions is sending them into the field, Nye's stay-at-home equations may prove to be a valuable key to polar secrets.

Deep-Freeze

After long years of work in a jumbled, gadget-filled laboratory at St. Louis University, a biologist announced 14 years ago some results of his experiments with the mysterious forces of life & death. Basile J. Luyet, a priest of the order of missionaries of St. Francis de Sales, had succeeded in freezing onion-skin and other

and his associates built a kind of miniature ducking stool. With it they suspend bits of animal tissue and plant leaves over a container of liquid nitrogen kept at -320° F. One brief duck, and the cooling process is complete. Muscle tissue from the hearts of chick embryos has been successfully frozen by the ducking stool and later brought to life.

Back to Life. Luyet's next step was to develop a "freeze-dry" method so that frozen tissue could be dehydrated in a high vacuum. "It's one of my pet projects," he says. "We can think of the possibilities of drying a warm-blooded animal like a dog, rehydrating it and then expect it to live." The main problem, as Luyet sees it, is mechanical. It is not yet possible to freeze objects thicker than 1/100th of an inch into suspended animation.

Dehydration of animal life has long intrigued scientists. As early as 1776, an Italian, Abbé Spallanzani dried out microscopic rotifers and tardigrada, then brought them to life with water. But Spallanzani worried about the souls of his tiny experimental animals. Were they reborn or did entirely new souls develop after dehydration? He took his problems to caustic French philosopher Voltaire, but got little help. If the rotifers and



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tardigrada regained life. Voltaire could see no reason why they should not acquire new souls. "The only thing I am really curious about," said he, "is, why does the Great Being grant the faculty of resurrection only to these little beasts? *Les baleines doivent être bien jalouses* [Whales must be very jealous]."

Apparently Biology Professor Luyet has no such philosophical worries. To him, a dehydrated organism is deprived of activity but is still potentially alive, "like a



BIOLOGIST LUYET
Whales must be very jealous.

watch that has unwound." No such worries are deterring his superiors either. They have appointed Father Luyet director of the university's new Institute of Biophysics. And last week they were busy remodeling his laboratories. But neither the promotion nor the excitement in his laboratory was keeping Father Luyet from his strenuous routine. On the startling implications of his work he has only one comment: "I am only trying to communicate to others the love of truth."

Pressurized Pilots

In the bar of a stateside officers' club one evening last week, a fighter pilot home from Korea was describing the war in the air. Using the gestures that all flyers use on the ground, he nosed over into a steep dive and pulled out sharply. Then something went wrong with the pressure valve in his G-suit, he said. The five air pads took a full blast and "it socked me in the belly like a barroom punch." But the pilot was not complaining. Without the G-suit, he could not have stayed in the same air with a Russian MIG.

Even before the end of World War II, G-suits were standard equipment for the well-dressed fighter pilot. Yesterday's Mustangs and Thunderbolts, fighting a far lower speed than today's jets, were fast enough so that in tight turns or quick pullouts a pilot was sometimes subjected

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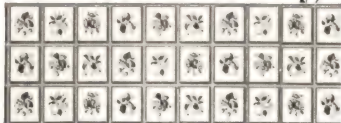
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to more than four times the pull of gravity—in airmen's language, four Gs. And at 4.2 Gs the average man begins to "grey out." Blood drains from his head. His sight begins to blur. At more than five Gs, he may black out completely.

So that pilots could continue to function in the maneuvers of high-speed combat, the Navy and Air Force developed G-suits—nylon coveralls with air bladders mounted at the abdomen, thighs and shins. All five bladders are interconnected and, in the cockpit, they are attached to an air pump. The flow of air to the G-suit is regulated by a weighted valve spring. The same G forces that tug at the pilot move the valve spring. As air is admitted



G-SUITED AIRMAN

Gordon Tenney

The fragile human frame is the limit.

to the G-suit, its bladders become tourniquets, preventing the blood from pooling in the blood vessels of legs and belly.

Flying at 550 m.p.h. without a G-suit, a pilot could black out in a one-mile turn. But the best jets in Korea whip along far faster than that, and can fly smoothly through tighter turns. With a G-suit, the jet jockey can fight his plane to the limit. He can take the seven Gs developed in a 4,000-ft. turn at 650 m.p.h.

Like the oxygen mask, the pressure cabin, electrically heated flight gear and the ejection seat, the purpose of the G-suit is to match the pilot to his high-speed environment. The fact is that the fragile human frame is fast becoming the structural limit to the speed of aircraft. Aircraft designers are already talking of interceptors that will scream through the upper atmosphere at more than 1,500 miles an hour. They are sure that one of their toughest problems will be to beef up the pilot so that he can stand the trip.

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These tests showed that motorists got an average of 8% more power from the *same amount* of gasoline after they changed from *whatever brand of oil* they had been using to Macmillan Ring-Free Motor Oil.

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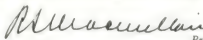
- 3 That \$2.00 is enough to pay for a refill with Macmillan Oil.

Even that isn't the whole story, for while it is reducing friction, Macmillan also reduces deposits of carbon, gum, sludge and varnish in the engine.

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It means less oil, lower repair bills, and keeping your car newer longer.

Stop in for a Macmillan refill wherever you see the big red "M" outside an independent service station, garage or car dealer's place of business. Start getting less friction and more savings, now.



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Original Hitlers

In his old days as a house painter, Adolf Hitler had an amateur's passion for water colors and oils. As a youth he peddled his postcardlike views of Vienna, Munich and romantic ruins from door to door, sold some for roughly a dollar a daub.

Hitler's paintings accomplished some chance good: Jewish dealers and collectors who had bought from the youth sold their choices at steep prices when Hitler rose to power, and used the proceeds to flee his hand. In his might, Dictator Hitler grew bashful about his art: he seized all the examples he could find, destroyed most of them. A few he presented to such cronies as Göring and Mussolini.

The paintings were timid and incompetent, though sometimes rather pretty. Their souvenir value rose and fell with Hitler's own fortunes. Now that the artist has passed into history, the hunt is on again for signed, original Hitlers. He himself remembered having painted 300 pictures, but got back only 50 of them. Last week German dealers were scrambling for the 250 paintings that may theoretically remain. Mainly to spur search, some of them were encouraging the rumor that a first-class Hitler might bring as much as \$20,000.

No Hiding Place

Ever since the "Ashcan" painters of the early 1900s went looking for Beauty in alleys and gutters, U.S. artists have prided themselves on smoking the lady out of the most unexpected hiding places. Last week in a Manhattan gallery, Painter James Fosburgh smoked her out again. He had discovered her in a dirty clothes hamper, a rumpled pillow, a tavern jukebox. "Anything can be beautiful if you bother to see its beauty," says Fosburgh. "Even a hamper can be a vision of the world." He makes a handsome still life from a pair of

discarded work gloves or a coffee cup, a romantic landscape from the bleak hangars and dingy flats of La Guardia Airport seen across turgid Flushing Bay.

Fosburgh is a late starter: he is having his first one-man show at 41. After musing through galleries and lecturing for four years at Manhattan's Frick Museum on everything from Chinese ceramics to Boucher, he finally decided to turn painter. Wartime service as an Army glider pilot held him up for five years. Then he spent another year experimenting with blobs and squiggles: "I didn't know what I was doing, and finally I decided I wasn't going to find out, so I chucked the whole lot into the fireplace."

He decided to model himself on Rembrandt, Goya, Chardin and U.S. Painter

PUBLIC FAVORITES (II)

Sarasota, Fla. is the winter training ground of "The Greatest Show on Earth." It can also boast an elegant sideshow: one of the nation's greatest collections of Baroque art, housed in Sarasota's salmon-pink John and Mable Ringling Museum. The public favorite at the museum is Paolo Veronese's *Rest on the Flight into Egypt*.

The late circus king, John Ringling, cleared a snake-&alligator-infested swamp to build the museum, which resembles an Italian *palazzo*. The wealthy collectors of his day were attracted mainly by early Renaissance and Impressionist paintings. Ringling instinctively preferred the flamboyance of 16th and 17th century Baroque art. By following his own nose and ignoring the sniffs of rival connoisseurs, he was able to stuff his museum with king-size treasures at bargain prices. He bequeathed it to the state of Florida when he died in 1936, and the collection remains a monument to his sometimes shaky but always lordly taste.

Veronese's *Flight into Egypt* is a fitting capstone to the monument. Nearly 8 ft. high, the painting reflects the opulent grandeur of 16th century Venice rather than the hardship of the Holy Family's flight. The Inquisition once accused Veronese of making his religious pictures too worldly and "modern." "We painters," he replied, "take the same liberties as poets and madmen."

Veronese got his name from his birthplace, Verona, but Venice was home to him. His art is a somewhat overblown flowering of the great tradition of Venetian painting—a tradition which Giovanni Bellini, the teacher of Titian and Giorgione, founded. For the chill, narrow intensity of earlier Venetian art, these men substituted warmth, breadth and grace. Critic Antoine Orlac once summed up Veronese in a scholarly line: "He is the expression of hieratic constraint relaxing into luminous activity."

Thomas Eakins ("one of the greatest portraitists of all time"): "It was a matter of looking and looking and then working and working." The small public that buys pictures approved the results: his Manhattan show was a near sellout.

Ready to Soar

Manhattanites seldom waste a glance on the towers of steel and stone that hem them in. They are content instead to let their eyes rest on rich objects displayed behind plate glass in the towers' ground-floor shops. Last week a new office building on midtown Park Avenue forced New Yorkers to look aloft for the simple reason that it has no shops and seems to have no ground floor at all.

Almost the entire street level of the new building, Lever House, is given over to a park-like complex of garden and patio, open to the air and open to the casual stroller, while the building itself, a starkly modern, \$6,000,000, 24-story, glass-encased monument to the soap industry, rises delicately overhead on stainless steel columns. The net effect is one of jet-propelled urgency held thankfully and restfully at bay.

Beyond the Past. This subtle architectural paradox was no doubt far from the minds of the directors of Lever Brothers Co. (Lux, Lifebuoy, Pepsodent) when they first approached an architect to design their new U.S. headquarters. The persuasive arguments that set the design and the revolutionary innovations of the building that resulted are both characteristic of the architects they chose. In the 16 years since it was founded in a one-room office in Chicago, the firm of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill has made itself one of the biggest names in U.S. architecture. Its billion dollars' worth of buildings stretch across the U.S. and as far



HITLER'S "VIENNA BURG THEATER"
Timidity, door to door.



VERONESE'S "REST ON THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT"

John and Mable Ringling Museum of Art

SPINOZA on self-control

Human affairs would be much
more happily conducted if it were
equally in the power of man
to be silent and to speak;
but experience shows over
and over again that there is
nothing which men have less
power over than the tongue,
and that there is nothing which
they are less able to do than
to govern their appetites.

(*Ethics*, 1677)

Luca Maitner

Artist: Luca Maitner

CONTAINER CORPORATION OF AMERICA



ained as Sumatra. What is even more remarkable, all their work is built in the rigorously modern style still referred to as "crackpot" by unobserving standpatters. Among some of the firm's major jobs: the Ohio State University Medical Center, a vinegar plant and warehouse for H. J. Heinz Co., and the entire town of Oak Ridge, Tenn.

As in most big business today, the firm's triumphs are the result of group effort. Louis Skidmore, 55, and his co-founder, Nathaniel A. Owings, 49, were both trained in the Beaux Arts ("best things of the past") tradition, but quickly looked beyond it. With John Merrill, 55, and their seven partners, six associate partners, 13 participating associates and 700-odd dedicated young draftsmen, engineers and experts, they have taken the ideas of Le Corbusier, Gropius, Mies van der Rohe and other pioneers of the International (or



MANHATTAN'S LEVER HOUSE
Rory Stevens
Urgency, at bay.

United Nations Building) School and moulded them to the needs of their clients.

More than a Quick Profit. When Lever House was in the early design stage, Skidmore experts spent days assembling an impressive array of arguments against ground-floor shops, e.g., shops would require basement storage space that might better serve as a Lever garage, in bad times the company might have to subsidize the shops to give the building a prosperous appearance, etc. By the time the soapmen got to see the final soaring design, they were dead set against shops. "They liked what they saw," says Skidmore, "and they wanted something more than a quick profit."

"A client." Architect Skidmore once said, "usually feels confidence and pride that a structure is being designed for his particular problem . . . In this way modern expression of his problem seems natural, and contemporary architecture has sold itself."

FAMOUS AMERICAN HOMES



The Mohawks called him

Chief Big Business



INDIANS occupied the region in 1738 when young William Johnson arrived from Ireland to manage a huge tract in what is now Fulton County, New York. As settler and fur trader, his fair treatment of the Indians won their friendship to a degree, it is said, never attained by any other white man in this locality. In his official transactions he wore a scarlet blanket trimmed with gold lace, a gesture which they considered highly flattering. He learned the language of the Mohawks who adopted him as chief with a name meaning Big Business.

In the French and Indian wars his ability as an organizer enabled the British to build a road through the forest to Lake George, thereby defeating the French and saving Albany from attack. In recognition of his contribution to this victory, Johnson was made a baronet.

Johnson Hall, in the present city of Johnstown, was built by Sir William in 1762 on one of the largest properties in all the colonies. After the death of his young wife, in the custom then locally sanctioned, he acquired an Indian woman as his second "wife." She was succeeded by Molly Brant who was known as "the Brown Lady of Johnson Hall" and apparently held a position of respect.



According to a local legend, after Sir William's death in 1774, his friend Mohawk chief Joseph Brant marked the stair rail as a sign to the Indians that the house was not to be molested. Although the town was burned, Johnson Hall was spared and tomahawk marks are still visible in the mahogany. The house is now under the jurisdiction of the New York State Education Department.

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EDUCATION

Wish Granted

The father didn't know what to do with his obstreperous teen-aged son—until he spotted the poster announcing a new sort of school. The school taught only one subject; it had only one teacher and only one classroom on the seventh floor of a dingy Chicago office building. But that day in 1896, the father entered his son just the same. He wanted the teacher, he said, to give his boy "personal attention."

Irish-born Teacher John Gregg had no alternative but to carry out the father's wishes: the boy happened to be his first and only pupil. Six months later, he was also the first full-fledged graduate—a master of the new Gregg system of shorthand.

In time, there were other graduates, and the school soon outgrew its one classroom. Gregg added courses in bookkeeping, typing, and business English. He started a summer school, correspondence courses, began publishing his own shorthand manuals. By 1912 he had thousands of pupils around the world.

Pupils of his system have ranged from Billy Rose (200 words a minute) to Cuba's General Batista (175-200 words). There were businessmen and bankers, soldiers and statesmen, and legions of just plain Kitty Foyles. Of all the Americans who were to learn shorthand, 90% learned it from Gregg.* By the time he died in 1948, his loops and squiggles had recorded most of the business of the century.

In spite of fame & fortune, Gregg stuck by his Chicago school. He was a bulky little man who lived for shorthand (he used it in his own personal letters to his graduates) and wanted his school to be the best in the U.S. As the years passed, his curriculum became more & more elaborate. He gave courses in business law, mathematics, and personal grooming. He had 48-week courses for secretaries, a nine-month course for college graduates, a three-year course for court reporters, including such specialties as congressional reporting and three-voice testimony. His only worry about the school was that it might decline after his death. To ensure its survival, he wanted it to become a permanent part of a large university.

Last week John Gregg's fondest wish was fulfilled. Manhattan's McGraw-Hill Publishing Co., which bought the school in 1948, announced that it was turning it over to Northwestern University. There, bearing its founder's name, it will continue to operate, just as John Gregg always wanted it to.

* Nearest rival: the Isaac Pitman system. The Gregg system, based on the scoops and curves of ordinary longhand, flows smoothly along the line; the Pitman system uses straight lines, circles, and detached vowel symbols. Comparative examples:

	Gregg	Pitman
Philadelphia	20	20
Pittsburgh	9	9
Los Angeles	8	8

One Who Knows...

At 27, John J. Cavanaugh (Notre Dame '23) was one of the fastest-rising young executives in the Studebaker Corp. Then, one day, "I suddenly had a desire to do something for other people." A few weeks later, he was back at Notre Dame to enter the priesthood. And, he says: "I haven't had an unhappy moment since."

This week Father Cavanaugh had reason to feel more proud than happy. At "Universal Notre Dame Nights" across the world, hundreds of alumni banqueters were paying him special tribute. Since his old Studebaker days, Cavanaugh had risen steadily—from philosophy teacher to vice president and finally to president. But next June, he will have served as president



NOTRE DAME'S CAVANAUGH

For a major problem, a valid tradition,

six years, and in accordance with canon law, he will have to leave his post for good. "It's been marvelous," he says, "but I've run out the string."

Notre Dame will have a good deal to remember him for—a kindly priest who could scarcely take ten steps along his campus without stopping to chat with as many students. Between morning Mass at 5 and bedtime at midnight (sometimes after a quick rubber of bridge), he seemed to have time for everyone. He also had time to give Notre Dame one of the most prosperous and productive administrations it had had in all its 110-year history.

In six years as president he added \$7,000,000 to its coffers, quadrupled the size of its graduate program, saw undergraduate enrollments jump from 3,200 to more than 5,000. He saw the rise of a new science building, a fine arts building, the big Fred and Sally Fisher Memorial Residence Hall. He turned the Laboratories of Bacteriology (LOBUND) into a full-

AIR POWER FOR BUSINESS



EXECUTIVES

Two For One

Last week, the work load piled on U.S. executives seemed to have reached a record high. In many cases the likeliest solution appeared to be a company-owned business plane. By reducing wasteful travel time, a business plane could often give harassed officials at least two work days for one.

TRANSPORTATION

Custom Made

When he travels, a businessman must ordinarily fit his plans into pre-arranged transportation schedules. To Robert B. Bregman, Secretary of Chicago's Price Iron & Steel Co., this didn't make sense. Why shouldn't transportation fit his travel plans?

Bregman bought a Cessna 195 business plane, hired a pilot (he has no desire to learn to fly), and began keeping a precise



STEELMAN ROBERT B. BREGMAN
His time is his own

record of how the investment paid off—"right down to the penny." Now, looking back, he's sure it was a smart move. He flew 88,000 miles the first nine months, uses the Cessna constantly.

A typical day for Mr. Bregman begins with a take-off from New York at 8:30, puts him in Schenectady at 9:45 for a two-hour appointment, followed by lunch. Early afternoon finds him at a mill the company does business with in Phoenixville, Pa.; mid-afternoon in Philadelphia; back in New York at 4:30. Bregman says that this personalized flying would take 2 days by scheduled airlines—and at that, he would miss Phoenixville.

The roominess of the 5-place Cessna 195A is an important advantage to Bregman—it gives him space to work en route. He likes the Cessna's comfort, its high wing (better visibility). Finally, the 195's speed puts New York only 5 hours from Chicago (gas and oil cost for the flight: \$23).



SALES MANAGER A. W. McCULLOCH & CESSNA 170
8 days gained, \$700 saved

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Off The Road

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I MET NEW ENGLAND...

along Research Row



I didn't see any giant magnet anywhere, but the guide was saying . . .

"This is New England's 'Research Row' — greatest concentration of research brains and facilities in the world. 'Research Row' is a giant magnet, drawing industry to New England — industry that needs and profits by day to day touch with advanced research."

MEET NEW ENGLAND...

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR

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- a ready pool of highly skilled labor
- the research center of the world
- ample electric power
- the most stable regional economy
- the most complete transportation facilities of any area in the world
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New England is the place to live and work.

PLANT SITE LIST AVAILABLE

Write for descriptive list of some typical industrial plants now available... confidential, no obligation. Address: Industrial Development Dept., Room T, New England Electric System, 441 Stuart St., Boston 16, Mass.



New England's largest electric system—serving 2,500,000 people in over 242 New England Communities—and over 1400 industrial and manufacturing firms making 225 different products.

fledged institute with a special laboratory for the study of germ-free life. He founded a Medieval Institute, where scholars could study the Christian culture of the Middle Ages in the hope of applying part of that culture to the problems of modern life.

To Cavanaugh, the major problem of modern life—"in fact, the problem facing all educators since ancient times—is to find a method by which the proper moral habits may be formed." One method he has tried is an experimental great books program for 50 selected students. As Father Cavanaugh sees it, the purpose of the course is to provide more than a mere speaking acquaintance with the great ideas. "We accept as valid the Christian tradition," says he, "and in the great books we show that tradition at work in the history of Western thought."

If all goes well, Father Cavanaugh hopes that the great books will become a part of the whole curriculum, and if not, at least the idea behind them. After more than a quarter-century at Notre Dame as student and teacher, his own definition of a truly educated man is the same as it was on the day he first entered the priesthood—"One who knows what God wants him to do and has the discipline to do it."

Report Card

¶ Annoyed by a university decision to abolish janitor service after this year, 500 Princeton students poured out of their rooms one night last week, set off a barrage of firecrackers, chanted their way into town ("We Want Janitors!"), finally staged a mass sit-down strike in front of Nassau Hall. It was a mighty mutiny, the university admitted, but not mighty enough: Old Nassau's dormitory janitors were gone for good.

¶ Chemist Dwight F. Mowery Jr. of Trinity College, Hartford (Conn.) announced that he could now do for the nation's teachers what the washing machine did for U.S. housewives. He had devised a special circular slide rule which can average 20 examination grades at a time, cut an average day's marking from eight hours to two.

¶ After a poll of undergraduates, the San Jose (Calif.) State College *Spartan Daily* reported that more than half the students admitted that they had cheated, nearly half said they would do it again.

¶ Gift of the week—to Princeton's Archives of American Letters: 400,000 documents from the files of Manhattan's Henry Holt publishing company. The files cover 86 years of literary history, include letters to, from and about such famed Holt authors as Thomas Hardy, William James and Henry Adams (who solemnly wrote: "With the year 1890, I shall retire from authorship . . . It has cost me about \$100,000.").

¶ Appointment of the week: John Tyler Caldwell, 40, to succeed Lewis Webster Jones, new president of Rutgers, as president of the University of Arkansas. A Princeton Ph.D. in Politics, Caldwell has been president of Alabama College for Women since 1947.



*...when you **LEAD** them, that's game in the BAG*

You have to shoot *ahead* of fast-moving game, if you want to take home something for dinner. Same with business. Now's the time to plan for the day when you can get all the materials you want, with allocations gone, orders maybe not so plentiful, and competition red-hot. • Allegheny Stainless Steel can work marvels in adding sales advantages to the products you make, or reducing operating costs in the equipment you use. Let our Development Engineers show you how.

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BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

THE PRESS

Headline of the Week

In the *Denver Post*:

BACKERS HOLD HIGH HOPE
IKE WILL REST IN STATE*

A Right & a Duty

For two months, in Louisiana's booming oil and chemical town of Lake Charles (pop. 41,202), a court has been pondering a question vital to the U.S. press: Is there a sharp limit to a newspaper's freedom to criticize public officials? Last week District Judge J. Bernard Cocke handed down a ruling that was a flat no. Criticism of public officials, he held, is not only a newspaper's right but its duty. He acquitted Managing Editor Kenneth Dixon and



Associated Press

MANAGING EDITOR DIXON

For a vital question, a flat answer.

four other members of the Lake Charles *American Press* of criminal charges that their crusade last spring against wide open gambling had defamed the local sheriff, district attorney and three gamblers (*TIME*, Sept. 10).

Said Judge Cocke: "Any citizen or newspaper has the right to criticize the public acts of public officials. Without that right, we would have a dictatorial form of government, and the discussion of important public issues would be only such as might be permitted by those holding positions of authority."

Defamed. All U.S. newsmen had taken such rights for granted. Dixon and his men learned otherwise when they began printing the facts about corruption in Calcasieu Parish. They stirred a citizens' committee into gathering evidence against 33 gambling house proprietors. But in

court the gamblers got off with light fines and suspended jail sentences, although usually such treatment is given only to first offenders.

Dixon, printing past police records of 15 men who had names identical to some of the men on trial, questioned their right to probation. When it turned out that three of the gamblers merely had the same names as actual men whose records were printed, the grand jury indicted the *American Press* for defaming the gamblers and for criticizing Sheriff Henry ("Ham") Reid and District Attorney Griffin Hawkins for not prosecuting them further.

Tongue-Lashing. During the trial, Judge Cocke had been so critical of Dixon's failure to check more carefully the police records he printed that both sheriff and district attorney confidently expected a conviction. What they heard instead was a scathing tongue-lashing for their own failure to enforce the law. After ruling that the gamblers had not been defamed because the errors had been printed without malice, Judge Cocke added: "The evidence . . . disclosed that commercial gambling had been conducted on a wide-open basis . . . in violation of the laws of the state for . . . many months . . . A public official . . . is required to take an oath of office . . . to support . . . the laws . . . The purpose of the oath is to hold him accountable to the people . . ."

Sheriff Reid, the judge added, had "naught to blame by himself" for printed charges that he had concealed official records from newsmen to keep them from checking gamblers' records; the evidence indicated that he had done just that. As the judge read on, the startled sheriff and district attorney stalked angrily out of court. Editor Ken Dixon had not only won his battle in court. Since the case started, gambling has been closed tight in Calcasieu Parish.

The Picture Problems

Associated Press, the world's largest news agency, last week started a brand-new service: television film news. A.P. was simply giving in to the inevitable. Both of its biggest U.S. competitors, United Press and International News Service, are already deep in the TV news field, provide stations with special scripts and daily news film. In the last few years TV news has become so important that A.P. could no longer afford to stay out. But despite all the money and time spent on TV, the news programs are still far short of the telecasters' dreams. Even newspapers which own TV stations now realize that covering news for TV is not like reporting; it is an entirely new, costly and different job, that cannot simply be grafted on to newspaper operations.

The new job must be learned the hard way, one expensive step after another. As a result, cost-conscious TV stations still rely on network news shows, wire-service newsteels, or on such local "newscasts" as an announcer sitting at a desk reading bul-

NEW, FASTER CLIPPER* CARGO SERVICE

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Two huge doors like this
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New REGULAR schedules to Europe and Latin America

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* *Id.*, take a vacation at Colorado Governor Dan Thornton's ranch.

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tools reduce hand labor
on tedious finishing
of small parts**

Dumore flexible shaft tools are powerful, high-speed tools that can slash your costs of light hand-finishing operations . . . grinding, burring, filing, sanding, lapping, chamfering . . . on ferrous and nonferrous metals as well as wood, plastics, and ceramics.

The light, easily manipulated, pen-type hand piece permits close, accurate control . . . reduces operator fatigue . . . gives steadier all day long production. High speed and power give you full cutting benefits from near carbide tools.

Tools are complete with heavy-duty, oil-resistant flexible shafts and Dumore continuous-duty motors. Choose from a complete range of four sizes—1/20 to 1/4 hp. Power-Flex model is bench mounted. Models also can be suspended from any convenient hook.

Ask your nearby industrial distributor for a demonstration of this quality line of Dumore flexible shaft tools, or write

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Tool Post Grinders • Flexible
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High-Speed Drilling Equipment



letins, or a display of still pictures, headlines and press-service bulletins flashed on a screen.

Camera Chase. To learn the new job, some newspaper-owned stations, such as the New York *Daily News's* WPIX, the Chicago *Tribune's* WGN-TV and the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram's* WBAP-TV, have set up separate TV desks, with a staff of newsmen and newsreel and TV cameramen. Even with all that, covering live spot news is often impossible. For example, when a freight plane crashed in Jamaica, N.Y. two weeks ago (TIME, April 14), a WPIX camera crew found it could not send on-the-spot broadcasts, though it was only ten miles from the station; a ridge was between it and the station's transmitter. Moreover, even getting to the scene of the news is often a problem, since TV camera crews cannot be shunted around as easily as reporters and photographers can. But RCA may soon help overcome that. It is working on a one-man, portable camera-transmitter that weighs only 53 lbs., hopes to make a TV cameraman almost as mobile as a reporter with copy-paper and pencil.

Despite the troubles, those willing to spend money on TV coverage think the results are worth it, especially as advertisers snap up TV news shows. The Los Angeles *Times's* and the *Mirror's* KTTV has one of the most energetic newspaper-owned TV news setups in the U.S., including fourteen staffers and camera crews. It thinks \$5,470 a week for TV news-gathering is well spent. One of its best local stunts: when a three-year-old girl disappeared recently, the station assigned four cameras (TV and newsreel) to the hunt. Three followed the search party and another, set up in the girl's home, was able to catch her reunion with her mother.

No Competition. For all its faults, TV coverage has already added new worries for newspaper reporters. On a big story, the principals often have little time to talk to newsmen: they want to do all their talking in front of TV cameras. Still cameramen, who have sweated to get good pictures, have been beaten by pictures snapped from the TV screen in the office. And editors, sitting before a TV set in the office, have often been able to point out caustically things that their reporters on the spot have missed.

However, most newspapers are no longer afraid of competition from TV news. Even such shows as the Kefauver hearings have hurt newspaper sales little. Said the Los Angeles *Times's* Night Managing Editor Earl Craven: "Instead of being in competition with us, we find the station helps our circulation. Seeing the pictures whets the public's appetite . . . And they go out and buy the paper."

"Amateur Insulters"

New York *Daily News* Columnist John O'Donnell, who likes to remind readers that he was called a liar by Franklin D. Roosevelt, last week announced that he had made President Truman's list too. O'Donnell found out about his nomination from South Carolina's Governor



Francis Miller—LIFE
COLUMNIST O'DONNELL
He made the President's list.

James F. Byrnes, who put the blast on Harry Truman in an article in *Collier's* last week. Byrnes had wanted to include a letter from the President attacking columnists, reported O'Donnell, but *Collier's* was afraid the columnists might sue for libel. So O'Donnell obligingly printed the letter himself.

Wrote President Truman: "I never read or listen to Walter Winchell. Westbrook Pegler, George Sokolsky or John O'Donnell, or any of the liars for the simple reason that it just stirs you up for no good purpose." Added O'Donnell, with his usual choleric pride: "After all, when you have won against such professional, high-grade, adroit and skillful liars as the late Franklin D. Roosevelt, for example, you shouldn't be lured into controversy by clumsy amateur insulters . . ."

Geography Lesson

In West Germany last week, Staffer Rudi Treiber of Düsseldorf's Communist daily *Freies Volk* got a geography lesson. Under the headline PISTOLS AND BRASS KNUCKLES IN CLASSROOM, WEST BERLIN SCHOOLS ARE GANGSTER STUDIOS, Treiber had pointed to the school in the Pankow area of Berlin as a horrible example of just how the West brings up and trains its schoolchildren. In the Pankow school, he wrote, children have been found armed with brass knuckles and guns, while others write lewd poems which they circulate through an organization they call the "Bureau of Love."

Journalist Treiber had made a dreadful mistake: Pankow is in the Russian sector of Berlin, not as he had thought in one of the Western sectors. When *Freies Volk* discovered Treiber's error, it quickly pointed an abject retraction: "Rudi Treiber has been unmasked [and fired] . . . as a liar and an agent provocateur." Said ex-Comrade Treiber lamely: "I just didn't know where Pankow was."

1941



1952



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Could your life insurance—geared to 1941 prices—take over for you, at 1952 prices?

If you need more life insurance—and most men do—you'll be glad to know that New England Mutual's premium rates, unlike most things, have not gone up. And New England Mutual dividends keep your costs at a minimum.

Let a carefully trained New England Mutual man help you bring your life insurance into line with today's prices. He's a career underwriter—an

expert in family security problems. He can show you how New England Mutual's *unusually flexible* policies can be fitted to your exact family or business needs.

If you're like most men, your life insurance is your family's *most valuable financial asset*. It's only plain good sense to know as much about it as possible. We'll be glad to send you, FREE, a copy of **YOUR LIFE INSURANCE GUIDE**. Written in simple, understandable language, it gives you a wealth of *practical* information about the various types of policies, and the advantages they offer. Write the company today, Box 333-T, Boston 17, Massachusetts.



The **NEW ENGLAND**



MUTUAL

Life Insurance Company of Boston

THE COMPANY THAT **FOUNDED** MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE IN AMERICA—1835



Uninvited Pests... threaten every crop

Everything that grows around farms and gardens, from tender young plants to hardy shrubs and trees, is at the mercy of hordes of ravenous insects and pests. Only through frequent and thorough spray coverage of every leaf and stalk with pest-killing chemicals can these destructive "uninvited guests" be held in check. To assist farmers and gardeners in the never ending battle against nature's own worst enemies, FMC's John Bean Division provides scientifically designed pressure spraying equipment from small portable sprayers to huge, high capacity *Speed Sprayers* that produce penetrating clouds of protective mist. This is but another example of FMC's contributions to agriculture and industry.



One of a wide variety of John Bean Sprayers, the portable Spartan power-sprayer is an effective applicator for gardens and small acreages.

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PEERLESS INDUSTRIAL PUMPS



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FMC PACKAGING EQUIPMENT



JOHN BEAN SPRAYERS



FMC CITRUS PROCESSING EQUIP.



WESTVACO INDUSTRIAL CHEMICALS

BUSINESS & FINANCE

CONTROLS

Decision

With nearly 40% of all U.S. wholesale purchases taking place at prices under their OPS ceilings, Price Boss Ellis Arnall last week made a decision. Since the ceilings no longer meant anything, Arnall thought it might be just as well to take some of them off. He prepared, accordingly, orders "temporarily" suspending the ceilings on numerous items (hides, calfskins, tallow, lard, animal waste material, vegetable soap stock, crude cottonseed, soybean and corn oil, burlap, wool, alpaca, etc.).

Nevertheless, ex-Governor Arnall, who knows all the advantages of patronage, particularly in an election year, showed no signs of firing any of OPS's horde of 11,796 employees, even if many of them had little left to do. Arnall's office warned that prices might go creeping up again, so everybody would have to stand by ready to whack them if they got back to the level of the suspended ceilings.

EARNINGS

Sales Up, Profits Down

With monotonous similarity, one big company after another last week reported first-quarter earnings: sales up, profits down. The figures were a measure of the deep inroads of higher taxes and costs. Samples:

Electrical. Westinghouse, with an 11.5% gain in sales, found its net profit down from \$16.7 million in 1951's first quarter to \$15.5 million. General Electric, whose sales fell by \$9,000,000, had its net clipped from \$35 million to \$29 million.

Chemicals. Union Carbide & Carbon's sales rose \$6,000,000, but its net fell 20% (to \$33 million). Du Pont's sales were up \$2,000,000 and the net was "substantially" off. Said President Crawford H. Greenwalt: "The seller's market . . . is . . . a thing of the past . . . The slump in textiles affects Du Pont most seriously."

Textiles. American Woolen, despite a 16% rise in sales, was hard-hit by the slump. It did not report its actual losses, merely put them at \$895,000 after tax carrybacks, v. a profit in the 1951 quarter of \$1.1 million.

Aircraft. Consolidated Vultee's sales were up from \$61 million to \$87 million, its profits off from \$1.7 million to \$1.5 million. However, Douglas, with a 106% increase in sales, was able to boost its net also. From \$1.7 million to \$2,000,000.

Metals. Phelps Dodge, second biggest domestic copper producer, saw its net fall from \$12.7 million to \$9.2 million; Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical went from \$4,000,000 to \$3,000,000.

The trend was unmistakable, and the stock market took note of it. With the Dow-Jones industrial average off 6 points, the watchword in Wall Street last week was "Caution."

AUTOS

Economy Run

Before dawn one day last week, a caravan of 26 cars left Los Angeles for Sun Valley in the annual "Mobilgas Economy Run," a three-day test to determine the most economical and efficient U.S. autos on the road. Not entered in the 1,415-mile run, designed to put the cars through every weather test a motorist is likely to encounter: Buick, Cadillac, Crosley, Dodge, Oldsmobile, Pontiac and Willys. Some Nash dealers entered cars, but withdrew them at the request of the company. It contends that light cars have no prospect of winning the grand prize under present rules of the contest. And one De Soto, which ran out of gas, was disqualified for refueling from an unauthorized station.

When the returns were all in, Ford Motor Co., which won last year's test with a Lincoln, was the winner again. Its Mercury Monterey racked up 59.712 ton-miles per gallon (weight of car and passengers in tons, multiplied by mileage, and divided by gallons of gas consumed). On the basis of actual miles per gallon, a figure that means much more to the average motorist, the four-cylinder Henry J Corsair took the cake with 30.856: Studebaker's six-cylinder Champion was second with 27.822 miles per gallon.*

Miscalculation

Because it miscalculated the ceiling prices for Cadillacs and costs have recently decreased, General Motors last week began making refunds on purchases since Jan. 24, and trimmed current prices accordingly. The refunds, which average \$30, will total \$450,000. (With output about eight months behind orders, Cadillac is still the scarcest car on the market.) Headlined in the New York Times wryly: **THEM AS HAS (CADILLACS) GITS . . .**

Reduction

Kaiser-Frazer cut prices on its Henry J models this week, thanks chiefly to the fact that, with the metal supply easing, K-F no longer must rely on high-cost conversion steel. The cuts, ranging from \$100 to \$168, put the lowest priced Henry Js \$176 to \$266 below the lowest Ford, Chevrolet and Plymouth.

* Miles per gallon for the other finishers: Henry J Corsair Six, 26.368; Studebaker Commander, 25.597; Ford Mainline Six, 25.463; Mercury Monterey, 25.409; Studebaker Land Cruiser, 25.383; Kaiser Deluxe, 24.648; Plymouth Cranbrook, 23.522; Plymouth Concord, 23.080; Lincoln Capri, 22.356; Ford Mainline Eight, 22.140; De Soto Firestone Six-Passenger, 21.278; Hudson Hornet Six, 20.827; Chevrolet Styleline, 20.571; Hudson Wasp, 20.464; Hudson Commodore Eight, 20.397; Chrysler Windsor, 19.360; Packard 200, 19.228; Chrysler Imperial, 19.086; Chrysler Saratoga Six-Passenger, 19.024; Chrysler Saratoga Eight-Passenger, 17.651; Packard 400, 16.951; Packard 300, 16.427; Chrysler Crown Imperial, 16.236.

RAILROADS

Boost

For the twelfth time in six years, the ICC last week granted U.S. railroads a freight-rate increase. The latest 6% to 9% hike puts rates about 75% above prewar levels, and will give the railroads \$618 million in new revenue this year—making it harder than ever for them to compete with trucks.*

MERCHANDISING

Food Phenomenon

In Albuquerque last week, Maytag distributors sold four carloads of home freezers, about 25% more than they normally sell in a whole year. Reason for the jump: the distributors offered guarantees to provide frozen foods at "wholesale" prices, i.e., what supermarkets pay—anywhere from 20% to 30% below retail prices.

To do this, Maytag's Rocky Mountain distributors made deals to buy bulk lots from big frozen-food wholesalers (including such top brands as Birds Eye, Snow Crop, Pictsweet, etc.), then passed the goods on to freezer buyers without additional markups. Explained Maytag's Santa Fe Manager John McCauley: "We're not interested in making money on food but in selling freezers." For buyers, it meant some notable savings: 17¢ for frozen peas v. 23¢ in Santa Fe chain stores, 32¢ for Brussels sprouts v. 41¢, 68¢ for salmon fillets v. 95¢.

Some retailers counterattacked, hinted in ads that "wholesale" meats would prove inferior. Other grocers, after a second look, decided to swim with the tide rather than fight it. One big Santa Fe supermarket (Bartite) agreed to sell meats in quantity to Maytag customers at only 8¢ above wholesale prices. Said Manager Charles Batts: "I'd rather make a few cents a pound and get rid of a big quantity of meat than make a lot more and have to peddle it in little pieces."

What's the Benefit? The Rocky Mountain experiment looked like a tie-in between big freezer makers and big frozen-food processors, though both (out of fear of retaliation by retailers) were letting local agents handle things on an "independent" basis. But the selling of home freezers together with frozen foods at discount prices is already a tremendous new U.S. merchandising phenomenon. So-called "food plans" have been springing up all over the map.

California has 118 in operation, and in San Francisco home freezers have squeezed out TV sets as the No. 1 seller in home appliances. In Los Angeles, Sears, Roebuck is selling its Coldspot freezers along with

* The Texas Railroad Commission last week turned down a request of the Missouri-Kansas-Texas Railroad (The Katy) to reduce freight rates on less-than-carload shipments to compete with the trucking companies which have been snatching away business.

This announcement is neither an offer to sell nor a solicitation of an offer to buy any of these Debentures. The offer is made only by the Prospectus.

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Service Pipe Line Company

Wholly-owned subsidiary of Standard Oil Company (an Indiana corporation)

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Dated April 1, 1968

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Interest payable April 1 and October 1 in Chicago or in New York City

Price 100% and Accrued Interest

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SALOMON BROS. & HUTZLER

STONE & WEBSTER SECURITIES CORPORATION

WHITE, WELD & CO.

April 16, 1952.

arrangements to stock them with food at 25% below retail prices; the Bank of America is financing the Sears food plan on six-month loans. Big Amana Refrigeration, Inc. (TIME, Jan. 16, 1950), which makes freezers for Maytag, got a head start on the freezer boom because one of its distributors, John Bess, pioneered one of the biggest food plans in the East. Through his Freezer Owners Association of America, Bess has made his pitch in 22 East Coast cities, including New York, Philadelphia and Providence; last year he moved \$3,000,000 worth of freezers and 2,000,000 lbs. of frozen foods in Metropolitan New York alone. He estimates his plan saves buyers an average of 15% on frozen foods.

What's the Catch? As angry retailers are the first to point out, few, if any, of the plans actually sell frozen foods at



SALESMAN BESS
Cold facts.

genuine wholesale prices. The average saving may be no more than 15% below retail, not counting the cost and depreciation of the freezer. Moreover, scores of fly-by-night promoters have unloaded so much inferior merchandise (in California, frozen hamburger often contains far more suet than the law allows retailers to use) that freezer dealers in some cities have had to organize to stamp out abuses. Misleading come-ons are another problem. Example: "6½ steaks" mean that a whole quarter of a steer must be bought at 6½¢ a lb., and even then the bone, fat and gristle wastage may hike the actual price to as much as 9½¢. Nevertheless, thousands of consumers are making substantial savings, and many of them are extremely pleased with the results.

One important result of the food plans is that wide-awake retailers are meeting the new competition with such old weapons as special loss leaders, or with price reductions that equal those of freezer plans. Example: last week Los Angeles'

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NEW ISSUE

April 16, 1952

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Southern California Edison Company

Common Stock

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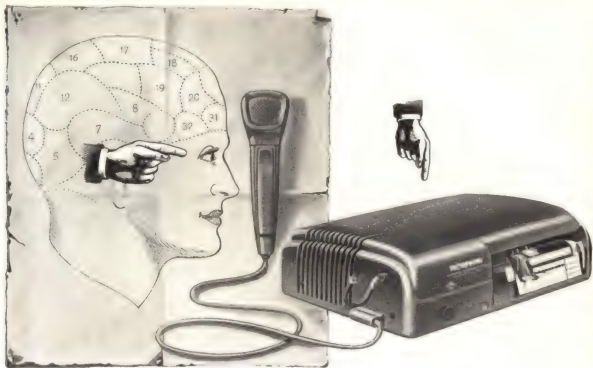
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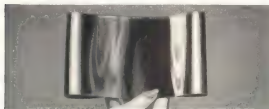


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Here at last is the all-purpose dictating machine, unrivaled for office, home, and travel use. No taller than a king-sized cigarette, it covers just the area of a letterhead. TIME-MASTER's heart lies in Dictaphone's exclusive one-time recording medium, the red plastic *Dictabelt*. Mailable, fileable, *Dictabelt* is so inexpensive it's used once, transcribed, and thrown away.

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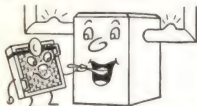
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AIR-MAZING FACTS

BY O. SOGLOW



DUST FLATTENS SUN! Don't rush to an eye doctor if you get up some morning and see a watermelon-shaped sun climbing the horizon. It's only an illusion. Rays from the top and bottom of the sun, bent at different angles by the earth's dust-laden atmosphere, make the sun look squashed on top and bottom instead of round.



CHEAPER DIET FOR FURNACES! You can pep up your furnace and cut fuel bills by replacing dirt-clogged air filters with new, disposable Dustays. Dustays hold more dirt without clogging, give you more heat per dollar, last longer.



TRAPS DUST! Air-Maze air filter panels keep troublesome dust out of hotels, railroad cars, commercial and industrial buildings. Cleaning bills are cut, employees and customers are happier. Air-Maze filter panels are easily cleaned, have high dirt-holding capacity.

WHETHER YOU BUILD OR USE engines, compressors, air-conditioning and ventilating equipment, or any device using air or liquids—the chances are there is an Air-Maze filter engineered to serve you better. Representatives in all principal cities, or write Air-Maze Corporation, Cleveland 5, Ohio.

AIR-MAZE

The Filter Engineers

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SILENCERS
SPARK ARRESTERS

LIQUID FILTERS
OIL SEPARATORS
GREASE FILTERS

Greater All-American chain took a 4% markup instead of its usual 14%, sold frozen Birds Eye peas at 20¢ per box, about $\frac{1}{4}$ ¢ cheaper than the "wholesale" price of a competing food plan. Result: it sold a record 1,081 cases in three days. Other grocers are putting in huge freezers of their own so they can buy in bulk (at 5¢ below usual wholesale prices) and sell case lots to their customers even cheaper than the food planners. Thus all over the U.S., thrifty freezer owners who keep an eye peeled for special sales are able to find real bargains.

Nobody is happier than the frozen-food packers. Since 1946, national consumption of frozen foods has risen from 1.0 billion lbs. to last year's 4 billion. And U.S. appliance makers, who have seen their sales of refrigerators and radios approach "saturation," regard the booming market for home freezers (4,000,000 sold to date) as one of the most promising new frontiers on their horizon.

AMUSEMENTS

Repeat Performance

Mrs. Lillian Guest of Godalming, Surrey, who won \$210,000 by picking a perfect line in a soccer pool last fortnight (TIME, April 21), won another \$10,000 last week.

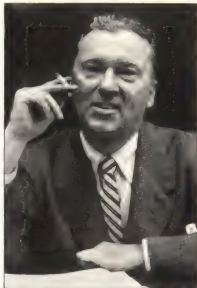
PERSONNEL

Up the Ladder

¶ Robert M. (for Mondell) Ganger (rhymes with Hanger), 48, was elected president of P. Lorillard Co. (Old Gold and Kent), as Herbert A. Kent, 65, moved up to board chairman. Ganger, born in Greenville, Ohio, worked his way through Ohio State University playing the trombone, got a job as an office boy in what later became the ad firm of Geyer, Corbell & Newell. He made a reputation with his accurate market analyses and catchy sales campaigns, became a partner in the firm (renamed Geyer, Newell & Ganger). Two years ago, Lorillard lured him with an executive vice presidency. Ganger's latest project: the launching of Kent (TIME, March 24).

¶ Morse G. (for Grant) Dial, 56, was boosted from executive vice president to president of Union Carbide & Carbon Corp. Fred H. Haggerson, 68, who was both president and chairman, will continue as board chairman. Reared in Fargo, N. Dak., Dial graduated from Cornell, worked for the Brownville Board Co. before joining Union Carbide in 1929 as a sales supervisor. Later, as manager of the Vinylite divisions, he helped make Union Carbide the world's largest producer of plastics.

¶ Edward Ellsworth Stewart, 56, was named president of National Dairy Products Corp., succeeding L. A. Van Bommel, who became chairman. A graduate of Carnegie Tech, Stewart did a hitch in the Navy during World War I, then got an engineering job with the Rieck-McJunkin Dairy Co. of Pittsburgh, subsidiary of National Dairy. In 1944, Stewart was



LORILLARD'S GANGER
He could blow a horn.

named vice president of National Dairy to run Midwestern ice-cream and dairy operations, was promoted to executive vice president six years later.

¶ Harold R. ("Bill") Boyer, 53, will resign this week as chairman of the Aircraft Production Board and return to General Motors to head a manufacturing division.

TRAVEL

Tourist's Bible

In France, no one who likes to eat and sleep well would think of setting out on an auto trip without a fat little red book in his pocket. The book: the *Guide Michelin*, maker and breaker of restaurant reputations all over France and one of the smart-



ANDRÉ MICHELIN
No stars for sale.

TIME, APRIL 28, 1952

est promotion stunts ever dreamed up.

Last week the 1952 *Michelin* went on sale. A perennial bestseller (U.S. price: \$3.75), the guidebook's print order is 200,000 copies, twice as much as the pre-war figure. Its 880 pages are crammed with maps and tourist information of all sorts, with special emphasis on 8,000 hotels and restaurants.

In all France, only seven restaurants* now rate *Michelin's* top billing of three stars; 62 rate two stars. One notable change: Paris' famed Tour d'Argent restaurant, where pressed duck has fed thousands of high-spending U.S. and European *bons vivants*, has lost its three-star rating.

Tires & Symbols. Frenchmen and foreigners alike rely on the verdicts of *Michelin*; over the years, the guidebook has built up a reputation for accuracy and incorruptibility. Its motto is *Pas de piston, pas de pot de vin*—roughly, "No pull, no bribery." Not a line of paid advertising is carried on its pages.

The guidebook was started at the turn of the century by Edouard and André Michelin, the bearded brothers who invented the first removable bicycle tire and are credited with the introduction of the pneumatic auto tire. With the advent of the horseless carriage, André Michelin figured that a reliable guidebook would give both tourism and the tire business a boost. He was right. Today the Michelin Tire Co., still family-owned, is one of the biggest in the world. Worth some \$57 million, it has plants in France, Italy, Britain, Belgium, Spain and Argentina. Michelin loses about \$57,000 a year on its little red guide book, but it has spread the company's name all over the world.

Michelin's guide long ago solved the language problem by using symbols to describe hotels and restaurants. A man in a rocking chair indicates a peaceful locality; a spigot, a hotel which has cold running water only; a pitcher, no running water at all. A candle tells the tourist that a place has no electricity, a radiator that there is central heating. There is a symbol for a bathroom; "*Le w.c.*," says one *Michelin* editor professionally, "*c'est très important.*" Aside from its stars, the *Michelin* guide has special symbols for restaurants—five pairs of crossed forks and spoons for a de luxe place, one for a "plain but good" restaurant. The number of tiny bottles indicates the quality of the wine cellar.

Tips & Onions. To gather all its detailed information, *Michelin* relies on 92 regional representatives, tire-company employees all over France, and five full-time inspectors who spend their days and nights eating their way through the nation. *Michelin* inspectors never reveal their identity until the meal is over, and woe to the chef who is having an off day. From their voluminous reports, the home office keeps up to date, even to knowing that a

* The seven: Café de Paris and Lapérouse in Paris; La Bonne Auberge outside Antibes; the Pyramide in Vienna; the Côte d'Or in Saulieu; Auberge du Père Bise in Talloires; Mère Brazier near Lyon.

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April 15, 1952.

1,250,000 Shares Tennessee Production Company

Common Stock
(Par Value \$5 per Share)

Price \$12 per Share

Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained from any of the undersigned who are qualified to act as dealers in the respective States.

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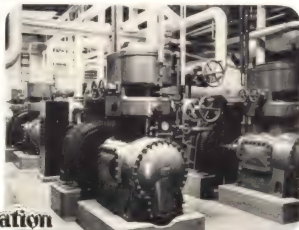
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Four of Seven Frick Ammonia Booster Compressors in Service at the Fairmont Canning Plant, Fairmont, Minn.



Refrigeration

Serves Fairmont Canning Company

This famous Minnesota producer of frozen food uses eleven large Frick booster compressors, and six Frick second-stage machines, in its various plants, for maintaining low temperatures with economy and dependability.

The really important jobs — whether air conditioning, ice making, food freezing or other cooling work — call for Frick Refrigeration.



certain chef in a little Normandy inn may be slipping because of troubles at home.

Michelin editors also get tips from their readers. Not long ago they opened a smelly package containing an inedible piece of ham, some limp fried potatoes, and a scorching letter from a tourist who got bad meat at a Michelin-recommended restaurant. After careful investigation, Michelin dropped the offender from its next edition.

Once dropped from Michelin, a restaurant can get back in grace only by proving it knows its onions. For hotels and restaurants that have not made the grade yet, there is always hope. For, as the guide-book says, "our researches continue."

STEEL

Taconite Boom

In the drive to expand industrial production, the Defense Production Administration last week okayed the biggest single quick-tax-write-off in its history: a \$298 million project for Minnesota's Erie Mining Co. Most businessmen had never heard of the company and they were baffled by its purpose, which is to "beneficiate" an ore named taconite.

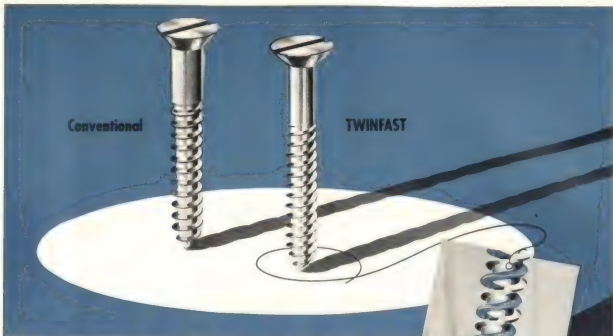
Erie Mining is owned by Bethlehem Steel and Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co., and the U.S. will soon hear a lot more about taconite, an iron-bearing rock which spreads over much of Minnesota's Mesabi and adjoining ranges. Though Mesabi's rich ore is rapidly being exhausted, there is a vast supply of the inferior (about 30% iron) taconite ore. Big steel producers are now committed to spend \$1 billion within the next six years building plants to turn taconite into usable iron ore.

This tremendous new industry is based on long research by the University of Minnesota led by Professor Edward W. Davis. The researchers perfected a method of pulverizing the hard rock of magnetic taconite, extracting the iron by magnets, then rolling it into pellets ready for the blast furnace.

Plants for Pellets. So far, Erie Mining's Aurora, Minn. plant is the only one producing the walnut-sized pellets in commercial quantities. U.S. Steel, which has felt no rush for substitutes because it owns the biggest share of the remaining rich ores, has been content to build two pilot plants. But Republic Steel and Armco, not as well supplied, 18 months ago went into taconites in a big way through their joint subsidiary, Reserve Mining Co. (TIME, Oct. 2, 1950).

Within three years, Reserve will be producing 2,500,000 tons of ore yearly from taconites, and its ultimate goal is 10 million tons. To achieve it, Reserve plans to spend \$260 million. It is building two new towns for 5,000 workers, a 40-mile railway to haul taconite from Babbitt, Minn. to the bigger plant at Beaver Bay. It is linking two Lake Superior islands by breakwaters to handle the loading of finished ore.

Quality at a Price. Erie Mining's plans are even bigger: a 5,000,000-ton produc-



New Townsend wood screw **doubles the threads** **for twice the driving speed**

A close look at the two wood screws above will reveal how the Townsend TWINfast® Screw on the right drives twice as fast—holds better and lowers your costs when compared with use of conventional wood screws. Yet this superior screw costs no more.

The difference is in the unique TWINfast Screw design which has *two* threads with *twice* the pitch of the conventional screw as illustrated by the diagram. With each turn of the driver twice as much TWINfast Screw enters the material. This speeds production—reduces fatigue.

Note that the cylindrical body throughout the threaded length of the

TWINfast Screw provides an equal amount of contact with the material for the entire length of the thread. This gives you greater holding power—so fewer or smaller screws can be used for additional savings in costs.

In contrast to the tapered construction of the standard screw which acts as a wedge, the unthreaded portion of the TWINfast shank is the same diameter as the pitch which reduces splitting of material and spoilage. In addition, the two threads of the TWINfast Screw come together in a single sharp point which gives you a quick, sure, self-centered start—the screw automatically goes in the right direction.

Detailed information on how to save with Townsend TWINfast Screws is given in a special bulletin which is yours for the asking.

The TWINfast Screw is typical of the more than 10,000 types of special and standard fastening devices manufactured by Townsend to save time in assembly, reduce material costs and improve product quality and appearance for you. With more than 136 years of cold-heading behind them and an endless variety of fasteners to draw upon, Townsend sales engineers offer you the benefit of their broad experience and unbiased advice in helping to improve your fastening procedures.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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Completely Automatic! No trays to fill or empty—nothing to turn on or off. No frequent cleaning. You don't lift a finger from the moment water flows in automatically till you scoop big, perfect cubes out of the storage bin.



It's So Compact! Fits under bars, counters or shelves. Has flat, acid-resisting

porcelain top that can be used for work area or for displays.

Can Save You \$800 a Year! Save as much as \$2 a day. Save more than 90% of the cost of purchased cubes. No melting losses or uncertain ice deliveries, either!

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Approximately **\$710** in most localities, plus freight, plumbing and wiring.

Frigidaire Ice Cube Maker

See this remarkable Frigidaire Ice Cube Maker at your Frigidaire Dealer's. Find his name in the Yellow Pages of phone book. Or write Frigidaire Division of General Motors, Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada, Leaside (Toronto 17), Ont. Ask, too, for Frigidaire's Refrigeration Security Analysis of your needs and your refrigeration costs—no obligation.

tion rate by 1957, and an eventual expansion to 10.5 million tons. It will build a huge, ore-concentrating plant four miles from its present Aurora plant, a 60-mile railroad down to two islands near Schroeder (on Lake Superior's north shore), and its own harbor for loading the pellets into ore boats.

All this construction will make taconite ore costlier than the ore now being used. But since the processed pellets contain 60% iron, v. 50% or less for rich ore, pig-iron cost may not be appreciably greater. Moreover, taconite pellets will make better iron, because their quality is more even.

MILESTONES

Married. Rudolf Friml, 67, Bohemian-born composer of schmaltzy light operas (*The Vagabond King*, *Rose Marie*, *The Firefly*); and Kay Ling, 39, his Chinese-American secretary; he for the fourth time, she for the first; in San Francisco.

Divorced. Clark Gable, cinemactor, 50; by his fourth wife, British-born Sylvia Gable, 41, blonde onetime chorus girl, onetime Lady Ashley; after two years of marriage, no children; in Santa Monica, Calif. She testified that Gable told her: "I don't wish to be married to you or anyone else."

Divorced. By Xavier Cugat, 51, Spanish-born rumba maestro: Bandleader Lorraine Allen Cugat, 29; after five years of marriage, two years of court wrangles (she got a divorce last January in Santa Monica, Calif., which won't be final for a year), no children; in Las Vegas, Nev.

Died. Sir Stafford ("Old Austerity") Cripps, Britain's vegetarian, Socialist Chancellor of the Exchequer (until October 1950) under former Prime Minister Clement Attlee; after long illness, three days before his 63rd birthday; in Zurich, Switzerland (see FOREIGN NEWS).

Died. Victor Mikhailovich Chernov, 78, president of Russia's freely elected Constituent Assembly; of pneumonia; in Manhattan. Patriarch of Russian émigrés in the U.S., bearded, silver-haired Chernov helped found the Social Revolutionary Party in 1900, became, for a few momentous weeks in 1917, Minister of Agriculture under Kerensky. He was elected president of the Assembly, which Lenin's soldiers dispersed on Jan. 18, 1918 after one all-night meeting. Chernov was driven into hiding, exile and a lifelong struggle against the Bolshevik dictatorship.

Died. Dr. Julien Besançon, 90, celebrated French specialist in longevity, who attributed his own long life to "wine, women, and tobacco"; of a heart attack; in the Paris apartment of his longtime friend, Hélène Oliveires, 51, whom he once described as "a woman who asks no questions, and knows how to dress and please a man."

SAFEGWAY STORES I N C O R P O R A T E D

1951 1950 R E C O R D

Net Sales, Earnings and Income

Safeway Stores, Incorporated, 1951 Net Sales were the highest in the history of the Company, totaling \$1,454,642,996, an increase of \$244,649,234 or 20% over 1950.

Net earnings after deducting all costs and taxes were lower than in 1950. This was due to (1) Federal price controls affecting the entire food industry (2) property loss of \$774,768 suffered in the 1951 Kansas City flood.

Net income, after all charges and property loss, was \$7,615,851 for 1951 as compared with \$14,717,301 in 1950.

Cash dividends were paid on the common stock at the rate of \$2.40 per share on 2,827,703 shares, the average number outstanding during the year.

Balance Sheet Information

On December 31, 1951, Safeway and subsidiaries had aggregate net assets of \$113,821,747, total current assets of \$239,921,849 and total current liabilities of \$172,667,346.

The ratio of current assets to current liabilities was 1.39 to 1.

	1951	1950
Sales	\$1,454,642,996	\$1,209,993,762
Income from dividends, interest and other sources	780,358	125,292
Cost of merchandise, manufacturing and warehousing	1,253,692,213	1,033,677,866
Total operating and administrative expenses	194,115,290	161,723,887
Net Income	7,615,851	14,717,301
Dividends to preferred stockholders	1,237,534	1,036,733
Net Profit applicable to common stock	6,378,317	13,680,568
Net Profit Per Share of Common Stock	2.26	5.20
Dividends to common stockholders	6,786,488	6,400,897
Dividends per share to common stockholders	2.40	2.40
Number of new stores opened during the year	262	70
Number of stores closed during the year	209	164
Number of stores in operation at end of year	2,125	2,072

15-YEAR DIVIDEND RECORD

1937	\$.83*	1944	1.00
193867	1945	1.00
1939	1.50*	1946	1.00
1940	1.17	1947	1.00
1941	1.17	1948	1.00
1942	1.00	1949	1.25
1943	1.00	1950	2.40
			1951	2.40

* Paid in part in five percent preferred stock

Government Price Regulation

The food industry has suffered severely as a result of unfair and inequitable price control administration. This has been particularly true of integrated chain retailers such as Safeway.

A recent survey covering 32 chains doing approximately 15% of the total United States retail grocery business showed for the third quarter of 1951, as compared with the third quarter of 1950, that combined profits before taxes were down 59%; that dollar profits after taxes declined from \$15,273,229 to \$4,967,001 and that the rate of profit after

taxes declined from normal to approximately \$1.50 per \$100 of sales to 41c per \$100 of sales. Six of the concerns involved suffered actual net operating losses in the third quarter of 1951.

It is becoming increasingly evident that the retail food industry has been singled out as the principal victim of OFPS regulations and that so far as it is concerned the price control law is to be used strictly as a political tool.

Safeway plans to continue its efforts to force the price control authorities to give fair and impartial treatment to it and to other food retailers.

Duncan C. Walker
President

SAFEGWAY STORES
I N C O R P O R A T E D

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Everyone Knows
1 or 2 Tums
And away it goes!

for the tummy

10¢ Handy Roll
3-roll package, 75¢

CINEMA

Well-Buttered

"This year, as the movie industry celebrates its 50th anniversary . . . proper homage should be paid to the popcorn machine [which] at long last . . . should take its place with the stars of the movie world . . . Popcorn is even combating the threat of television, [which] will never become a serious threat until some enterprising television manufacturer perfects a set that will turn out warm, well-buttered popcorn along with Milton Berle."

—Columnist Larry Ronson
in the Shreveport (La.) Journal.

He Can Add

Hollywood Producer Leonard Goldstein received a telegram that surprised many people in the film colony when the news got around. Goldstein had got word that his newest picture, *Battle at Apache Pass*, was No. 1 in *Variety's* weekly poll of box-office hits. *Apache Pass* is an Indian picture that is merely a slight variation on the old theme of good guy v. bad guy among guns, horses and dust. But the film, which cost a piddling \$681,000, is topping such gaudy epics as *The Greatest Show on Earth* (\$3,000,000) and *Quo Vadis* (\$6,500,000). Goldstein, 48, who is Hollywood's top moneymaking producer, was not at all surprised to hear the news. Said he: "I don't write. I don't direct. I don't shoot for awards. But hell, I can add."

Who Digs Whimsy? Such pictures as the *Ma & Pa Kettle* series (starring Marjorie Main and Percy Kilbride) and the *Francis* (the talking mule) films are typical of Goldstein's successes. In all his major efforts, the gags are fast and broad, the chases wild and merry. As Goldstein himself puts it: "Nobody likes my pictures but the public." For the more mature trade, Goldstein has turned out such pictures as *The Egg and I* and numerous westerns. But he avoids sophisticated comedy. Once, turning down a script, he explained to Writer Don McGuire: "Don, you dig whimsy. I dig whimsy. But does the public dig whimsy? Not with a clam shovel!"

The average Hollywood producer makes about two pictures a year, but last year Goldstein made 19. He runs his projects at Universal-International studios like a factory. He approves the basic script idea, buys the production tools, then lets his workmen bring out the product. Often he will give his writer the summary of an idea. Then, "We start tomorrow," he will say, pulling on his cigar. "I'll see you at the preview."

Play the Strength. Some of the Goldstein rules for making "Hershey Bar" pictures—i.e., movies that sell lots of candy and popcorn too: 1) never make a war picture unless it is a comedy (e.g., *Up Front* and its sequel, *Willie and Joe Back at the Front*); 2) play the strength—if fantasy pictures are making money, turn out fantasy pictures until moviegoers are tired of them; 3) avoid "downbeat" pictures—nobody ever bought tickets to



PRODUCER GOLDSTEIN
"Like in a quiz show."

watch inmates of a mental institution; 4) adults are grown-up children, and should be entertained as such.

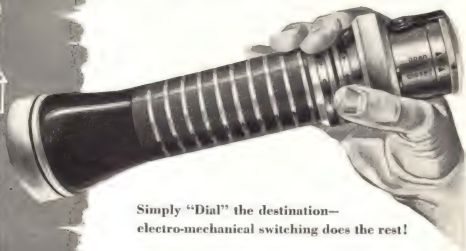
"The audience," Goldstein says, "has to feel superior. Like in a quiz show, if the audience knows the answer and the guy misses it, they feel good. So your comic has to be somebody not as smart as the guy watching it. You can't laugh at somebody who's smarter than you. Hollywood wouldn't believe it, but every so often you see a *Ma & Pa Kettle* coming out of a theater, laughing at themselves."

The New Pictures

Tomorrow Is Too Late (Rizzoli-Amato; Joseph Burstyn) is a delicate story of confused adolescent love and shame. When a couple of starry-eyed students (Pier Angeli and Gino Leardini) are caught in a storm in the woods and spend the night innocently in an abandoned church, a puritanical summer-camp directress brands them moral outcasts. The girl tries to drown herself, but is saved in the nick of time by the boy and two sympathetic teachers (Vittorio De Sica and American Lois Maxwell), who have been fighting for more enlightened sex education for students.

But, unfortunately, the unconventional theme gets only heavily conventional treatment from scriptwriter and director, who often trample the story's tender reeds with Mediterranean melodrama. Compensation for these shortcomings: 1) a long, lingering look at Pier Angeli before Hollywood discovered her—in *Tomorrow*, her first Italian picture, made in 1949, she plays the tragic teen-ager with a gentle glow and an innocent coquetry that makes her far more alluring than most of Hollywood's veteran vamps; 2) a look at brilliant Director Vittorio (*Miracle in Milan*) De Sica as an actor. De Sica, 49, an Ital-

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"fixed asset"
in goodwill

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as a "must" in good working conditions**

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ian matinee idol before he turned to directing, proves handsome and talented on the screen, but he would have done this picture more good behind the cameras than in front of them.

Outcast of the Islands (London Films; Lopert) lavishes some major moviemaking talent by Carol (*The Third Man*) Reed on one of Joseph Conrad's minor works. Conrad's second (1896) novel is a study of a white man's disintegration in the Dutch East Indies. It is bothhouse drama as luxurious as its setting.

Conrad's enchanted prisoner of the tropics is Willems (Trevor Howard), a weakling fired from his job in Macassar for stealing, who goes to live at a lonely trading post run by pompous Almayer (Rob-



KERIMA

Up the river, she is merciless.

ert Morley) and his wife (Wendy Hiller). Willems falls in love—temporarily but passionately—with Aissa, a sinuous, savage native beauty (played by Kerima, a 22-year-old Arab girl) for whom he sells out the secret of the post's channel shipping route. Also on hand: Captain Tom Lingard (Ralph Richardson), man of the sea and lover of justice, who punishes Willems for his treachery by exiling him upriver with the merciless native girl he no longer loves.

The picture lops off the last fourth of the novel (which piled melodrama on melodrama, with Aissa shooting Willems), and some of Conrad's tropical thunder reaches the screen only as a muted rumble. But by making much of his movie on location in Borneo and Ceylon, Director Reed has captured the rank, overwhelming atmosphere with which the story is saturated: the landscape of brown golds and brilliant



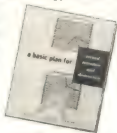
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emeralds, the oppressiveness of the jungle, the steaming sunshine, the murmuring river, the endless chattering and chanting of the natives.

The superb cast is colored with this fatal splendor, as the drama is played out among a group of characters whose violent passions spend themselves like a quick tropical downpour. Their story surges and eddies through a picture that matches the passion and profusion of Conrad's prose.

Also Showing

Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick (Paramount), which has been performed more than 50,000 times on the stage as "the greatest of all rural comedies," comes to the screen for the first time without setting any celluloid on fire. This 1919 corn-belt classic by Lieut. Beale Carmack[®] is a blend of Joe Miller and mellowdrama, with a cast of hayseed characters: confidence man Bill Merridew (Metropolitan Opera's Robert Merrill), who is out to fleece Josie, the pretty Oklahoma widow (Dinah Shore), only to be outwitted by bashful bumpkin Aaron (Alan Young). To this staple story the picture adds Technicolor and tunes like *Marshmallow Moon* (already a jukebox favorite), but subtracts so much from Aaron that he turns out rusty rather than rustic.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Man in the White Suit. Top-grade British movie yarn spun out of who's cloth, with Alec Guinness in a tailor-made comedy role as the inventor of an indestructible, dirt-proof fabric (TIME, April 14).

Anything Can Happen. Folksy, affectionate film version of George and Helen Papashvily's 1944 bestseller about an immigrant from Russian Georgia (José Ferrer) who discovers America (TIME, April 14).

Encore. A new, expertly packaged trio of entertaining short stories by Somerset (Trio, Quartet) Maugham (TIME, April 7).

The Young and the Damned. A savage juvenile delinquency drama with a largely amateur cast, filmed in Mexico by Spain's Luis Buñuel (TIME, March 31).

The African Queen. A prissy old maid (Katharine Hepburn) and a gin-swilling skipper (Humphrey Bogart) triumph over jungle heat, hardship and the hangman's noose in John Huston's Technicolored version of C. S. Forester's adventure yarn (TIME, Feb. 25).

Rashomon. A powerful Japanese film about an ancient crime of passion, told with barbaric force (TIME, Jan. 7).

Miracle in Milan. A witty, warmhearted fantasy about the brotherhood of man, inventively directed by Italy's Vittorio (The Bicycle Thief) De Sica (TIME, Dec. 17).

Quo Vadis. Christianity v. paganism in Nero's Rome in the costliest (\$6,500,000) movie ever made; with 30,000 extras, 63 lions. Robert Taylor and Deborah Kerr (TIME, Nov. 10).

[®] Pen name of the late Walter Ben Hare of the Phoenix, Ariz. Weather Bureau.

TIME, APRIL 28, 1952



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Worthy of Sir Walter

THE GOLDEN HAND (501 pp.)—*Edith Simon—Putnam* (\$4).

It takes something more than the drugstore magic of the ordinary historical novel to wake the dead. Once in a long while a writer finds the prescription, and brings the past to life in a fine historical novel. This week one of the best in many a month is being published in the U.S.

The Golden Hand is the fifth novel by Edith Simon, the wife of a research chemist at the University of Edinburgh. It tells the story of 53 years (1347-1400) in the life of an imaginary English village called Bedesford—its births, feasts, miracles, wars, witches, lepers, plagues, rapes, murders, floods; and its common talk, small superstitions and deep-breathing faith; the wild downs and dark woods around it; all the kinds of people, from bondman to merchant to lord bishop, who filled out its vivid society; and the great cathedral they all built in the waste. It is, in brief, something like a total recall of 14th century England, told in the violent shape of mass adventure, with a quiet detail of individual tragedy.

Witch & Minster. At the core of the book is a miracle. While digging the foundation for a new Franciscan cloister, young Edwin Widowsen unearths a queer, antique fist of pure gold. The friars set a guard to it, but the next night Edwin, persuaded by outlaws, filches the treasure and leaves in its place the hand of his brother, who has been hanged. "Miracle!" cry the good friars in the morning.

The hand soon begins to work impossible cures, and the lord bishop decides to erect a cathedral on the spot of its discovery. The whole village dedicates itself to the labor—and to his horror, guilty Edwin, a gifted woodcutter, becomes the chief decorator of this colossal memorial to his lie. As the great minster rises in the world, Edwin is condemned, by a keen irony, to give his life to its embellishment.

About this inward theme of guilt and redemption rages the outward action of the book. In 1348 the Black Death tore through Bedesford like a cyclone; fewer than a third of the townfolk survived. Then came the plague of the fallow deer and the flood of the Wode. Yet Edwin and Jeanne, Jack and Joan, Alfred and Juliana went on working and breeding, and soon the fields were up to mark again and the population almost normal.

In this time a witch came to town as a bondswoman to the wool merchant's widow. She was a Norse girl, a beauty with "great, sea-grey eyes" and hair "unbelievably golden"; her name was Swan Ygern. Swan healed the Lord Cinqmort of a bloody flux, and so becharmed his wicked soul that he even left off his wenching to eat her beetle puddings under the Weird Oak Tree. She gave her mistress' daughter the dread effigy of St. Uncumber—to whom unwilling wives

prayed that he uncumber them of their mates—and when the poor husband failed to die, cast on him the botch of leprosy. She died at last in the lord's dungeons, suffocating herself by packing her nose with earth and swallowing her lips.

Spire & Whirlpool. The death of the witch did not bring peace to Bedesford. As the cathedral rose toward its spire, other forces in the world were working toward a fateful leveling. The wretchedness of bondsmen, the idle viciousness of the nobility, the predaceousness of churchmen, the rise of a small, jealous class of tradesmen—these converged in the whirlpool of the Peasant Revolt of 1381.

The revolt failed, but the people of Bedesford, depleted, confused, break-



J. B. Atkinson

NOVELIST SIMON
More than drugstore magic.

able, went on living and building their cathedral.

Their tale, an epic in substance, takes on a lyric grace and pageant color in Author Simon's telling. *The Golden Hand* is worthy of the master of historical fiction himself, Sir Walter Scott. And it is often rich where Scott is poor—in the homely detail of ordinary scenes and natural activity.

Thriller with a Moral

MISSING (249 pp.)—*Egon Hostovsky—Viking* (\$3).

It is the eve of the Communist coup of 1948, and Paul Kral, journalist, wants to leave Czechoslovakia. His object is entirely personal: to visit an ailing friend in the U.S. The Communists in the Ministry of the Interior, more interested in politics than in friendship, cannot decide whether to let him go. For that matter, the U.S. consulate is puzzled over whether he ought to be allowed a visa.

Kral, says Moscow-trained Bureaucrat

Matejka, is "a typical bourgeois liberal with leanings toward anarchism." What, that troubles Matejka is that Kral is not at all typical: he belongs to no party, spouts no doctrine, and (something that also troubles the U.S. consulate) includes men of all beliefs among his friends. The hero of *Missing* never appears in its pages. But, like an invisible magnet, Paul Kral draws his characters into his orbit, strengthening their humanity by his example of personal goodness.

A wavering Communist assigned to investigate Kral quits the party. A liberal newspaperman, fortified by Kral's friendship, gains courage to become an underground agent for democracy. A Roman Catholic priest goes to prison, braced by the thought of Kral. In short, though Kral is never seen doing or saying anything (and is never explicitly granted or denied a passport), he becomes a symbol transcending ideologies.

Neither saint nor leader, Kral, as the priest says, is "a volunteer in the service of Love." Such a man, merely by being alive, becomes an intolerable challenge to the totalitarian state.

Author Egon Hostovsky knows his Czechoslovakia. A veteran of the Czech diplomatic service and a friend of Jan Masaryk, he quit his post as attaché in Oslo after the Red coup and now lives in the U.S. *Missing* is an unusually smooth blend of thriller and moral tale. And page after page, despite a plot that often seems unduly complex, Hostovsky gives a thoroughly convincing picture of a country drifting into Moscow's grip.

Merrymaking Forefather

THE EXTRAORDINARY MR. MORRIS (483 pp.)—*Howard Swiggett—Doubleday* (\$5).

On the night of Dec. 16, 1773, while zealous Massachusetts patriots were heaving tea into Boston Harbor, one young patriot-to-be was, by his own admission, "up all night making merry" on his private account. The circumstance was symbolic if nothing else, for 21-year-old Gouverneur Morris of New York was never to lose his offhand knack for mixing pleasure with the business of the republic.

Deplored by straitlaced contemporaries as "an irreligious and profane man," and largely ignored by historians, Morris has dangled like a flippant footnote from the history he helped to make. As a result, though every schoolboy is taught that Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, few ever learn that it was Morris who wrote the final version of the U.S. Constitution.

Venus & Morale. Biographer Howard Swiggett's book is an attempt, and a largely successful one, to give Morris his due. Though the book is riddled up with minor characters, and its leading figure sometimes drops from sight in a sea of upturned petticoats, *The Extraordinary Mr. Morris* is an engaging profile of an American statesman who could be serious without being solemn.

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King's College (afterwards Columbia), Morris spent the Revolution in mufti, as a member of the Continental Congress. Why he never took a commission is, Author Swiggett admits, something of a mystery, though possibly it was because of an arm injury as a boy. In any case, young Gouverneur backed his friend George Washington in the slack-spined, clique-ridden councils of the Congress. He wangled food for the army in the black winter at Valley Forge, served ably on half a dozen committees concerned with finance and recruiting, and did some morale-boosting with his eloquent pen.

But for Bachelor Morris, the cause of freedom was no reason to neglect the cause of love. His colleague John Jay, afterwards first Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court, noted that "Gouverneur is daily employed in making oblations to Venus." One of these oblations may have



GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

A leg for an oblation?

cost him his leg. Actually, says Author Swiggett, Morris was thrown from a phaeton while grappling with runaway horses, and had his left leg crushed in a wheel: a choicer version had the leg broken "in consequence of jumping from a window in an affair of gallantry."

Preambles & Pinks. Though his friends glibed at him for his affairs, they were glad enough to have him on hand at the Constitutional Convention. In the first undistinguished draft, the Preamble to the Constitution read: "We the people of New Hampshire, etc., etc., etc. do ordain, declare and establish the following Constitution." Stylist Morris changed it to the memorable: "We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union . . ." And so on, for more than 4,000 well-chosen words.

On the eve of the French Revolution, Morris settled in Paris as a partner in an American trading firm, and two years later President Washington named him

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U.S. Minister. It was not a popular choice. Morris spoke with a sharp tongue, and nearly every prominent man of his day was pinked by it. Typical Morrisisms: "It is possible that I am unjust to Mr. Monroe, but really I consider him as a person of mediocrity in every respect . . . Jefferson believes in the perfectibility of man, the wisdom of mobs and the moderation of Jacobins." On Madison: "I am told he never goes sober to bed." But after 18 days of Senate debate, during which he was compared by Roger Sherman to Benedict Arnold, Morris was confirmed, 16 to 11. In his reports to Washington he charted the progressive fury of the French Revolution, in his diaries the inner tempest of his own love life.

"What a People! . . ." Soon after he reached France, Morris had met the Countess Adèle de Flahaut, a 28-year-old beauty married to a nobleman of 61. Between tric-trac (backgammon) and chit-chat, she let him know that she was deceiving her husband with a French bishop. The bishop was the formidable Talleyrand himself, scapegrace Bishop of Autun and counselor to the King of France. With a fine disregard for diplomacy, Morris took Adèle for himself. In duty hours, he drew up reform measures for Louis XVI which the timid monarch never put into effect, and transferred the King's cash to England for safekeeping.

As the tumbrils rolled, Morris stayed on, the only foreign diplomat in Paris, and a monstrously shocked one: "Gracious God, what a people! . . . I was never till now fully apprized of the mildness of American character." In succeeding waves, the Terror lapped up friends of the Revolution as well as foes. Historians censure Morris for being rather casual about one of them, Thomas (*The Rights of Man*) Paine. "Lest I forget it," Morris wrote Jefferson, "Paine is in prison publishing a pamphlet against Jesus Christ." Lafayette was clapped into jail; Morris lent his wife \$20,000 and later got about half of it grudgingly back. It confirmed his poor view of Lafayette: "There is no drawing the sound of a trumpet from a whistle." The Countess Adèle escaped to England, and though Morris met her briefly later, the grand passion was over.

Rediscovering America. So was Morris' mission. The U.S. ousted the French Ambassador, "Citizen" Genêt, for meddling in U.S. politics, and Morris' own recall followed automatically. But he was in no hurry to leave Europe. He spent four years more on the Continent, seeing the sights and having a succession of adventures with pretty women.

At 46, wealthy and possibly wiser, he went home to rediscover America. He found plenty to occupy him: shooting the St. Lawrence rapids in a canoe, advising New York City on the layout of new streets, rebuilding Morrisania, the family estate in The Bronx. At 57 he married a bizarre, 35-year-old Cinderella from Virginia. Nancy Randolph (cousin to Virginia's John of Roanoke) had been accused of bearing a child by her sister's husband and murdering it. Acquitted, but



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badgered and penniless, she married Morris in a gown patched at the elbows. In due time, she made Morris very happy and his relations very sad by presenting him with a son and heir. Having circled expectantly round the aging Morris' will, the relatives resentfully dubbed the newcomer "Cutusoff."*

For what was left of his life, Gouverneur Morris savored the "conjugal pleasures" which he had only sampled before. A month before he died, at 65, he wrote to a friend that he still felt "the enthusiasms of inexperience and the gaiety of youth."



NOVELIST SAINT-LAURENT
"No mood for preliminaries."

Forever Caroline

CAROLINE CHÉRIE (314 pp.)—Cécil Saint-Laurent—Prentice-Hall (\$3.50).

When Caroline de Bièvre arrives in Paris early in the spring of 1789, she is "16, unloved and avid for life." Some five years and 311 pages later, she has finished with one husband and four lovers (a couple of would-be seducers escape her), flirted with a Lesbian, inspired three killings, saved her pretty, blonde neck from the guillotine and sailed, still unloved, for the U.S. After a sale of 300,000 copies in France, Novelist Cécil Saint-Laurent's account of all this has now been published in the U.S. It may bring out customers who haven't read a book since *Forever Amber*.

On her wedding night, Caroline discovers that her husband is a boor: he is "panting like a woodchopper felling young birches in the forests of Touraine." But

*Among Morris' direct descendants is great-grandson Gouverneur Morris, novelist and short-story writer. Newbold Morris, recently fired as Harry Truman's special-corruption hunter, is a great-great-grandson, as is his brother, George L. K. Morris, "concretinist" painter and a sometime editor and angel of the *Partisan Review*.

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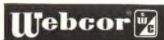


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since Georges is busy all day with politics, Young Birch Caroline soon gets a chance to branch out. Gaston de Salanches, for example, knows how to appreciate her. "My darling," he murmurs, "do you know that you have the most beautiful breasts in the world?" After a little more shoptalk, Caroline goes spinning "dizzily to unknown heights of ecstasy."

A bigger woodchopper splits up Caroline and Gaston—the French Revolution. As enemies of the republic, Caroline, her husband and a party of friends take to the roads, constantly ducking informers and dicker for their lodgings and lives. Caroline never lacks for playmates. When a "young giant" of a stagecoach driver hides her in a hayloft, she senses that he is "in no mood for preliminaries." Moments later, "a thousand tiny spears of hay [bite] into her bare thighs." At novel's end, sans husband or other encumbering alliances, Caroline cheats the guillotine by dressing up in a sailor suit and reporting for duty on a French frigate bound for America.

What is the effect on the French navy? Author Saint-Laurent doesn't say. It may take a sequel.

RECENT & READABLE

Invisible Man, by Ralph Ellison. A rousing good first novel about the coming of age of a Negro boy (TIME, April 14).

The Second Face, by Marcel Aymé. One of the best of Gallic ironists tells what happens when a solemn, rather dutiful Frenchman gets a handsome new face.

Rotting Hill, by Wyndham Lewis. Nine corrosive stories about mid-century Britain (TIME, April 14).

Rome and a Villa, by Eleanor Clark. A more than skin-deep collection of sights, sounds and impressions by an American traveler (TIME, April 14).

The Struggle for Europe, by Chester Wilmot. An exceptionally well written history of the war in Europe, by an Australian provocatively critical of U.S. generalship and diplomacy (TIME, March 31).

Look Down in Mercy, by Walter Baxter. A tough-grained first novel about the collapse of a British army captain in Burma (TIME, March 17).

The Goshawk, by T. H. White. What one man discovered about hawks, and himself, when he set out to learn the medieval art of hawking (TIME, March 10).

Adventures in Two Worlds, by A. J. Cronin. Autobiographical tales by a physician who became a bestselling novelist (TIME, Feb. 25).

Grand Right and Left, by Louis Kronenberger. A deftly witty farce about the richest man in the world and his compulsions as a collector (TIME, Feb. 25).

The Duke of Gallodoro, by Aubrey Menen. Light sardonic tales of a reprobate Englishman, his sleepy Italian town, and the Mediterranean way of life (TIME, Feb. 18).

My Cousin Rachel, by Daphne du Maurier. An expert mixture of suspense and romantic hokum (TIME, Feb. 11).

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Are your sales softening? The new salesman may be your answer.
(See Page 100).

The how of Dow, or a great chemical company grows greater.
(See Page 104).

With synthetic fabrics coming of age, is wool on the way out?
(See Page 128).

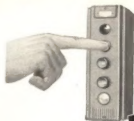
"How to be an employee," a commencement address by Peter F. Drucker.
(See Page 126).

These are but 4 of the many articles in FORTUNE this month. Every month business finds in FORTUNE the essence of our industrial civilization at work. For example, the monthly Business Roundup brings to business the best-based short and long range look-ahead in type today. Management looks to FORTUNE'S Labor Department for the best labor reporting available anywhere—and other departments keep business up-to-date on essential news about NEW PRODUCTS AND PROCESSES, PEOPLE, and TECHNOLOGY. Today FORTUNE is filled with the kind of raw material that sparks business thinking, progress and conversation. FORTUNE, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, New York.

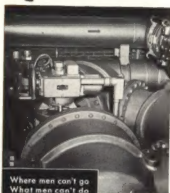
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MISCELLANY

Emancipation. In Tokyo, Police Officer Tadao Takase asked for a divorce, charging that his wife, taking advantage of Japanese women's newly conferred equality, 1) tore his underwear, 2) ripped his uniforms before meetings, 3) ran out on him 40 times, 4) regularly chased him off his beat.

Beauty & the Beast. In Tucson, Ariz., two University of Arizona fraternities admitted that they served horse meat at several meals each week, asked that their names be withheld because it would "ruin us with the girls."

The New Navy. In Halifax, the Canadian navy posted bulletins to remind its sailors that they should say "Aye, aye, sir," not "O.K., sir," "Right, sir," "Roger, dodger, sir."

Beanball. In Chicago, Milkman William Arneson spotted a thief running away from his delivery truck with a crate of eggs and 13 pounds of butter, knocked him out by hurling a half-gallon bottle of milk, proudly identified himself to police as pitcher for the Bowman Dairy Baseball Team.

Sweet Enough to Eat. In Darmstadt, Germany, Tassilo Horn was sentenced to 27 months in jail after admitting that he bit off the tip of his fiancée's nose—in self-defense, he said.

Touchy Subject. In Douglasville, Ga., as H. L. Parr started to sketch a picture of the devil his minister had asked him to make for a church meeting, a rip-roaring electric storm broke out, lightning struck a cable post, knocked out Parr's switch box, put out his lights and tore up his water pump.

Extraction. In Chicago, Louise Springer confessed that she went for treatment to six different dentists and, while they bent over her with the drill, picked their pockets for a total take of \$2,000.

Surefire Cure. In St. Albans, England, Frederick Thompson, shot in the neck by an alert householder whose house he was breaking into, startled police doctors when he suddenly recovered from a severe thyroid gland disorder.

One on the House. In Minneapolis, Hans Johnson, arrested 93 times for drunkenness, was dismissed after his 94th appearance by a judge who decided he was "making progress."

Gracious Living. In Catterick, Yorkshire, England, Mrs. Margaret Rose, 45, suing her army husband's commanding officer for attempted rape, was asked by the defense why she offered the accused a drink after their set-to, and explained: "It's the normal thing in our house to offer people a drink on leaving."



Bowling

is tiddly-winks
compared to
Eisschießen

1 "Stretch a bowling alley to five times its normal length, pave it with ice, swap your bowling balls for stem-handled Eisstocks and try to hit a tiny red block so far away you can hardly see it. That'll give you an idea of what I faced in Bavaria's ancient sport of Eisschießen," writes an American friend of Canadian Club. "When I sent my clumsy Eisstock skimming across Lake Koenigsee, I didn't expect much...



2 "Beginner's luck! My first try fell short, but my second came so close it brought a cheer. Then the local champ wound up. He edged me out by a scant centimeter, but that put the game on ice.



3 "Banded with iron for greater strength, the Bavarian Eisstocks are hand-turned of applewood or ash. Though they're not so heavy as the stones I've seen Scotsmen use in curling, the way my arm felt after a few hours made me think these wooden 'stones' are heavy enough.



4 "But I could still raise my glass to toast Koenigsee's innkeeper. He'd filled our request for 'the best in the house' with Canadian Club!

5 "How they put 'English' on an Eisstock is still Greek to me. But I've found Canadian Club means first class hospitality in any language."

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